

VAGUE

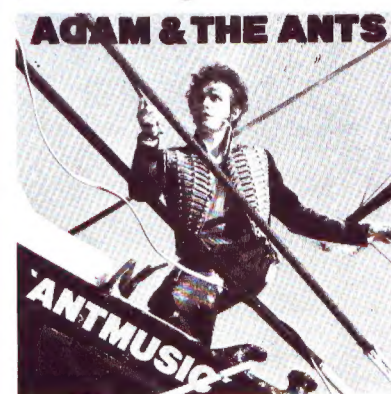


ISSUE #8
xmas '80

**ECHO
AND THE BUNNYMEN**



program



SPECIALS
SCI-FI FESTIVAL
TRIBALISM
SOMETHING TO SAY
SKIDS
'VAGUE NEWS'
WOOL CITY ROCKER
SCOT ZINES
'CULTURAL CORNER
HIT IT! PAUSE IT!...
BOWIE
MO-DETTES
REVILLOS
+ SOME SURPRISES
ALL FOR... 30p

'A NEW AND DISTURBING CONCEPT IN JOURNALISM'.....HME.

'A NEW AND DISTURBING CONCEPT IN FERTILIZER'.....GARDENERS WORLD



WRITE TO:

TOM.

BUTCOMBE
CASTLE ST
MERE WILTS

SEND A LARGE S.A. TO ABOVE ADDRESS. FOR V1 to V3-£3. Very rare. V4-20p. V5 to V8-30p each. Also available

AMTs photographs and tapes. Great selection. Write for further details. In case you didn't know; V1 contains Ants, Banshees, Specials, V2: Program, Gang of 4, Joy Division, Red Crayola, V3; Ramones, Boys, Clash, Softies, Program, V4; Animals+men, Moskow, Talisman, Wait, Q.Tis, V5; Ants, Cure, Human League, APF, Undertones, Fanzines, V6; Pop Group, Devo, Crass, Cosmetics, C.G, V7; AMTINE, and you're reading V8. We've done away with all the crap like charts, gig guides, etc. and got into 'politics' starting with:

***GOODBYE 1980**

Not a bad old year I 'spose. Everybodies saying that 76/77 were the best years. But that's as bad as saying "it's not like the summer of love anymore". People who say that are missing the point. 76/77 was great. 78 eventually recovered from the loss of the Pistols. 79 was even better. And for me 1980 was the best of the lot, so far. It was also the best year for; Adam+the Ants, Bauhaus, small groups, Fanzines, Banshees, not so good for PIL, Joy Division or the Ruts, but good for Crass and the Blitz, terrible for mod, good for AM,....in a word, any year is what YOU make of it. So look to the future and smash it up. Which for Vague starts with:-

"TERROR COUPLE KILL COLONEL"

This isn't a Bauhaus review or anything. I just thought that the title of their single would aptly describe this article.

This article is infact some more driven by me on press sensationalism.

I'm not sure what the Bauhaus single was actually about, but I can quite believe it's a genuine gutter press headline.

They don't seem to have the same originality with headlines as us Vague scribes. But then I suppose 'SEX TERROR IN NUNNERY' appeals to people more than 'FAB CRASS INTERVIEW'.

Of course in the good old Malcolm days, a few 'PUNK ROCK FILTH'S' and 'FOUL MOUTHED YOPS' helped the cause along a great deal. However all we get nowadays is the occasional 'SID'S NUM TELLS ALL'.

Yes PUNK ROCK is no longer headline material, perhaps our pals in the gutter press have realised that punk had something creative and constructive to say - also not good headline material.



Nowadays it seems they've dug up the old football hooligan or AGGRO boy skinhead.

After one tactful tabloid plastered a pic. of some guy laughing at a £400 fine all over their front page, I expect they'll all be pissing themselves coming out of court. And getting their 15 minutes of stardom for giving the old bill some verbal. And we all know that those naughty boys don't pay their fines.

Even more laughable was the Sun's (Was it?) shock horror street probe into 'The Aggro boys of Britain'. Where such useful prose as 'we love Pakki bashing' and 'We live for fucking' were noticed. So after reading that (Or trying to) - how many 14 year old skins thought "Here, we're skinheads, so we're supposed to beat up pakkis, right"

Press sensationalism is a fact and not a crackpot fantasy spread by

Disruptive influences like me. Ask any Punk whose been in a 'CLASH WHITE RIOT' or 'GLUE SNIFFING ORGY'

Take the Stonehenge bikers riot for example. Sure keep freedom of the press. But not freedom to exaggerate beyond belief. Getting a quick buck out of a crap story that Joe Public believes all that shit you write, News of the World lets burn down Fleet street.

Right, lets get back to 'Skins'. A lot of you will say "But skins are violent, anyway". Good point but would they be if it were not for their image and what else have they got to do? They have not got music as such like the mods, punks, or fashion like the hippies, or peace like the hippies, or bikes like the bikers.... All they've got is nice short hair and dreadfully naughty things like rucking.

Seriously though, you'll always get a violent reaction to growing up. Kids don't want to end up boring old cunts like their parents (although they will eventually) What we should be doing is channelling this vital violent energy into music, writing and changing things. As Sid said 'When you're young is the only time when you're truly aware' You have't been corrupted/ experienced.

Instead authority writes off the young as useless. They don't find them jobs and blame them for their own mistakes. How many fucking world wars has our generation started or got involved in. Not one and we aint fucking going to. What would happen if they held a war and nobody went?

Which rather nicely brings me on to my final point. Recently of course we've been on the brink of World War III. The press jumped on this as an ace story - nothing like it since Suez or Cuba. I'm talking about the Iran, Iraq bash. Just think of the acclaim of the first paper to report the end of the world. I don't know who wants it most the press or the super powers.

However I'm not saying the Daily Mirror will ultimately bring the of the world.

Of course the bureaucrats will put foot in it. I wonder how many people thought about the people dying in the Gulf and not the oil and political implications. Unless we start thinking about people instead of political gains we're gonna destroy ourselves.

I could go on + on about different points on this subject but I hope I've adequately stated my views. (Also it gets fucking Boring) I'm not gonna fight for fucking Thatcher or any cunt. I've got enough of my own fighting to do. Fight conscription and fight for Anarchy ("Tony D.'s my hero"). Not little boys in bondage straps spraying anarchy on a wall but freedom to do what you think is right. Freedom of choice.

The ones in authority complain about football violence but they don't mind selling missiles to third world countries. Stop the Arms race not the human race. We need the H bomb like a hole in the head. Right, I'm off to see Crass now. (Last two sentences but one taken from banners held in a children's demonstration)

echo and the bunnymen



DRY ICE AND JUSTIFIED ARROGANCE.

Before the Echo + the bunnymen gig at the stateside, me and Chris had a natter with Ian McCullough. He comes accross to me as a very casual straight forward guy. Firstly he gestures at the rest of the band and + says "They're all busy messing around but you can just talk to me if you like!"

What follows is not really an interview but just a chat between Ian and Chris + me. We crash out in the big dressing room and start, formalities aside, talking about fanzines, Boxhead and other such important issues.

HAVE YOU DONE MANY FANZINES?

No, not really I usually stear clear. We're never asked. We did a Liverpool one last week. That was a good laugh. It had a bad title; 'The death of Romance' or some crap like that.

(Bit of trouble with tape) Some beating around the bush then:

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT DOING INTERVIEWS?

I quite like doing 'em. I enjoy it. It's just a lot of the time I'm knackered. It's not fanzines in particular, it's just any interview.

THE WHOLE INTERVIEW THING'S A WASTE OF TIME REALLY. TALKING TO SOMEBODY YOU'VE NEVER MET AND JUST GOING OVER THE SAME GROUND TIME AND TIME AGAIN.

Some interviews are great, like that Bowie one in NME, that was brilliant and the photos were brilliant as well. Prepared really well. Those kind of interviews are great, but those like you get in NME, where you get half a page on a band are pointless really.

I like the Angus MacKinnon way. The way he did Bowie. He didn't really do that much, just the bit at the beginning and at the end.

Anyway! I dont resent it, it's enjoyable, except sometimes you can get a bit frustrated and never know what to say for the best. (customary sound of opening cans then)

WHAT'S THE BASIC HISTORY THEN?

(Chris looking at my pathetic question sheet) We just did that on the radio. Basic history?....you must have read it?

WERE YOU IN BANDS BEFORE OR

WHAT?

Uhh, I had connections with the early Teardrop explodes. It was not called 'Teardrop' then. I dont like to think of that as having anything to do with my history. But I 'spose it was in a way. I was kicked out of what ever it was by Julian the dictator. It was the biggest mistake they made.

It was the right move in a way because I didn't like what they were playing and I didn't fit in.

WHAT ROLE WERE YOU PLAYING?

Mumbler. I was supposed to be singing but I didn't get round to it. It was just Iggy Pop impersonations at that stage. But it only got as far as somebodies front room.

The vocals were'nt really Iggy Pop. It was just subdued deep singing. It was'nt even singing. It was embarrassing. HOW LONG AGO WAS THIS?

About 2+ years.

IS THAT HOW LONG THE BUNNYMEN HAVE BEEN GOING?

Yeah, about 2 years. Yeah if Teardrop had been given the chance to develop they could have been really good by now. (Chatter about Teardrop gets around to Leeds)

Yeah that was brilliant that night. For me it was the best we've ever done. I dont know, maybe it's funny saying that 'cos perhaps you didn't like it that much + you might think I'm being bigheaded. But apparently John Peel thought we were the best band he'd seen for years. (We talk about WastedYouth, John Keenan and the organisation in general)

We didn't have a soundcheck or anything. We just went on and it was great. Under those conditions the P/A blokes could just say 'we dont give a damn' cos it was so horrible but they didn't.

PRESS SLAGGED IT OFF. TOO MUCH TO GO THRU' JUST TO SEE A FEW BANDS.

If a band can look good and all that. That's the test of a good band, if they can make people

feel good under such horrible conditions.

We'll probably be headlining next year if we're still around then. I looked on us as being the top of the bill last time. I didn't see any opposition really.

I 'SPOSE THE BANSHES ARE A BIG CROWD PULLER.

Oh yeah but we blew them off. They have'nt got the material. They've got a few good songs but the rest are 'orrible. (Discuss Banshees, mainly Budgie's drumming)

Budgie's one of the best drummers going along with our own Pete de Freitas. Hate to say that though because he's starting to realise it.

IS THE SCENE IN L'POOL ALL IT'S MADE OUT TO BE?

No, it's not as good as it's made out to be. When I'm in L'pool I think what's all this crap about a scene that the press are trying to create. But we were in Brighton last night and maybe there is some thing in L'pool.

The advantage L'pool has got is as a city it's got character. Like Pete is living in L'pool now and he hates it, but only because he's living in a 'orrible flat.

It's the buildings and the atmosphere. There's a great sense of humour there. A lot of comedians have come from L'pool; Ted Ray, Arthur Askey....

BOXHEAD?

Yeah right. That's what it's like. You cant get a straight answer out of them. You ask Boxhead some thing or Bernie Cohn. Do you know him? But Boxhead's sort of one below, like there's another breed of people above him that are more intelligent.

WHAT ABOUT PETE BURNS? IS'NT HE THE ACE FACE LIKE?

Oh No! I don't think so. All that crowd in L'pool are the ones that bring the place down. I don't know any of them. They're just like real morons and they hang around places in their black suits. (Chris compares with B/mouth and the discos.) You say there's a new scene starting up down here. That's great and if we can help it along that's all the better.

(More boring discussions about B/mouth, then typical question.)
HOW'S THE TOUR BEEN GOING?

Well last night was the first night Brighton, 3 encores and the place was packed. But apparently this has'n't been advertised tonight. It's college people putting it on but it's an open thing isn't it- We wouldn't do it otherwise. I mean we don't like students. Are you students!? (joke)

I don't know what it is around here but we came from Brighton along the coast roads and it's all old people waiting to die. (We all slag B/mouth for having no atmosphere)

The thing about L'pool, you can go down to Pierhead and you can get lost just looking over to Birkenhead at night. It can be a magical world if you just let yourself go.

THAT'S PROBABLY WHY THERE'S A LOT MORE MUSIC COMING OUT OF L'POOL. DOWN HERE EVERYBODY'S SAFE AND DOESN'T NEED TO WORRY. BUT UP THERE WITH THE UNEMPLOYMENT, MUSIC IS ALL PEOPLE HAVE GOT.

Yeah there is the unemployment, the houses falling to bits, the fact that it's a port and got a lot of history and the football teams, I think have put L'pool on the map. There's a lot of working class feel to it. A lot of people think it's 'orrible + they dream of places like London. But London's too posh and nice.

Everybody comes together in L'pool.

DO YOU FEEL GLAD THAT YOU'VE GOT OUT OF L'POOL SO TO SPEAK?
Feel glad? Oh yeah we'd hate to be just an insular L'pool band. I don't think anybody likes that. There's loads of little L'pool bands that have got it in for us because we get the press. No, not because we get the press, we've got the press because we're good. (We chat about the album - 'Crocodiles' and the tour)

The tour isn't really a promo tour for the LP, it's more of a re-promo tour.

It helps because people who know the album are with ya. A lot of people get that contact thing. They go somewhere and everybody else is enjoying it + that helps them to enjoy it as well.

GETTING BACK TO THE POP VISION THING. DO YOU CONSIDER YOURSELVES AS A POP BAND ALONG WITH U2?

No, don't mention U2, they're just a bad group. Paul Morley in NME.

he's got this thing about me being a teen idol. (Me and Chris slag off Morley)

I do like reading his stuff. Whether you like him or not, he's there. He is one of the names. He's there.

THAT'S WHAT'S SO HATEABLE ABOUT HIM.

Well he likes us and that can only be a good thing for us, I

'spose. They all seem to like us apart from Gary Bushell. (Ian doesn't rate Dave McCullough) He likes to think he can spot scenes developing. He thinks that if one band from a town is good then all the rest are as well. (Conversation gets round to King Crimson and Robert Fripp, then) I don't really like going to see bands now, I don't like standing up. It's okay when a band have got something special like the Fall. (continues to rave about the Fall)

Then we casually finish our chat and let Ian set about the Bunnymen's extensive soundcheck. As I'm sure you all want to know, then we went for a jar in the Anchor bar. On our return there is a sizeable queue outside. This is explained by the fact that the gig was a student union bash. The local punks take advantage of this with more than usual ponsing. Hello Pete the Skin

After unsuccessfully trying to get pissed, I find a good way of not slagging the Future Classics, I stay in the bar. This is where I remained throughout the Sound as well. I had seen them in the afternoon and they appeared to be such a load of pillocks that I did not think I could handle seeing them on stage.

Chris and Brian check them out however + apparently my intuition was correct. Pratts. But what does it matter what I think. They'll probably get some NME hack raving about their new pop, just because they supported Echo.

Yeah, let's get back to the bill toppers. I went into the bowl early, just to check them out then crash out somewhere, feeling absolutely wrecked + not being that impressed with them at Leeds.

GIG REVIEW

After no great ceremony ECHO + THE BUNNYMEN come onto their army

camouflage netted stage. No introductions + just a smattering of applause. I'm immediately impressed with their honesty. Then through the billowing dry ice their music seemed to reach out + hold me there until the last encore.

They begin with two equally endearing numbers 'Going up' and 'Do it clean'. My first impression is that of rhythmic similarities to the Cure. Although Ian would fervently deny this. Also there's no way you can call this new pop. There's no comparison with the half hearted fakery of the new pop visions. The best way to describe their sound is 'Fucking good Rock'n'Roll, the best' quote Ian.

I don't think you can piss about categorising the bunnymen as 'Psychedelic' or 'Pop' as NME et al do. Always categorising, putting everything into slots. But the Bunnymen are the round peg that won't fit in the square hole.

You rarely get to see a band that put so much into a performance. This helped to hold me as well. Most especially Ian who really puts his heart into the job. And of course, drummer, Pete de Freitas, who at times verges on tribal. This bloke being called one of the best drummers around, and you can see why. Bassist, Les

Pattinson joins McCullough in the limelight but Will Sergeant just plods away stage right. Well, I think so anyway because the stage is usually engulfed in a very effective fog of dry ice. So all you can see is Ian's head most of the time.

At last I recognise a number 'Rescue' which gets the fan club of Echo next to us, really going. I felt a bit ashamed really 'cos here was these 25 year old blokes knowing the whole set while I only just recognised one song.

As the band battle thru 'over the wall', 'Pictures on my wall' and the great new single 'The Puppet', I start to fathom them out. You can see they're influenced by the Stooges and the Doors and the Velvets more so. But they have now an individual sound of their own, with so much potential it's frightening. There's few bands that reach this stage. They usually go back into old safe ground after a while.

The usually docile B/mouth crowd is no better than usual with only the occasional out-break of foot tapping. People are more interested in showing off their new punky clothes, than they are in doing anything. The Bunnymen deserve better but I would also need to see them a couple more times (which I intend to do) before I could really get off on them.

Their set seems to end all too quickly. Every number was a classic but of the second part of their set I 'spose 'Monkeys' stood out most. Then final number 'Happy Death men'. They leave the stage + I didn't think the mediocre applause would be enough to bring them back. But they came back twice and most of the people there would have wanted it to be more than that. First off they do 'Crocodiles' title track off album. Second time they do 'Rescue'. I'm very impressed. There still is hope left.

My only reservation is a really long haired hippy next to me who is enjoying them more than me. And what with the dry ice + everything perhaps John Peel is right, it is like the mid '60's. That is where Echo's roots might lay but their heads are definitely in the future. No I don't think they are psychedelic, enuff analysing.

We see Ian again afterwards + he can hardly hide his disappointment with the audience. We've had to put up with it for 4 years. Liverpool must be heaven! Coming out of the State-side vaults is particularly weird tonight because drifting up with you is clouds of dry ice. It's really far out!!
MAAAN!!!!.....TOM. IV

bauhaus

in flat venues

After being physically sickened by the contrived antics of Vamper-Knocks, I'm in a rather cynical mood when BAUHAUS darkly enter the Stateside (Sorry - I'm really sorry about that) Incidentally it is the stateside this time and not the village bowl. The powers that be didn't think that BAUHAUS would adequately fill the whole place. For once they were proved right.

To make things worse they've got about an hour before the doors open. After a rather chaotic soundcheck I'm in a slightly better frame of mind. And as the Spandau clone support scurry about on stage, we approach Pete Murphy.

I've got the wrong impression of them/him. He seems like an alright guy and is very helpful. None of the dismissive arty pretence that I'd been led to believe. For a change I did know a bit about them, but not enough. Hence 'the Ants interview' to begin with. I would also like to stress that this is not an interview as such but more like an informal chat. I think that's the best way to do it now 'cos you keep going over the same ground with stereotype interviews.

Also BAUHAUS are certainly not a stereotype R'n'R band - so it just wouldn't have worked.

Our chat about Marco + Adam gets round to the Ants doing TOTP's. Pete: 'I think that's OK. Exposure is a good thing. If more people can hear the stuff then that's fine!'

'It's very attractive isn't it to compromise!'

Tom: 'You have to compromise to some extent to achieve anything!'

Then Pete announces that he has never seen the Ants.

He continues: 'He (Adam) sneaks into our gigs and sneaks out again....He's very forceful + self opinionated!'

More drivel about the Ants, but it's not mindless, we are actually trying to get at some BAUHAUS info. Then Pete does it for us: 'You should be able to take aggressiveness. Like last night we played Bristol. There was an incident that was an aggressive act, from myself which caused a commotion. There was like a scuffle and it spoilt the gig. That's something that I criticize myself for. I'm prepared to except that I'm wrong. Have you seen us before?'

I tell him I have'nt, but that I was going to see them at capones. This somehow gets us round to talking about support band Vampiresknockers. 'They sent us a tape and they were local so it was easier for them to come. We didn't want to have support bands. We managed to get this character from NYC called ZEY. He is not like an artefact. His act consists of bashing about and lots of percussive backdrops

like bean cans on strings. (He continues enthusiastically) He's really manic. We wanted him on the whole tour but we can only get him on the last 4 dates. We were also gonna get somebody illustrating double glazing!'

THIS IS ACTUALLY A TOUR THEN + NOT A FEW DATES YOU'VE STRUNG TOGETHER?

Yeah, it's 11 dates. It's a tour to us - 'In flat fields' It's supposed to be the album tour but the album's been held back - should be out on the 26th HAVE YOU HAD PROBLEMS WITH IT? Well yeah, there's one song on it 'Double dare' which we lifted off the Peel session and there was hassle from the musicians union and we had to plead for it for a month. They gave it to us eventually.

ARE YOU PLEASED WITH IT?

Yeah, we're really pleased with it.

HAVE YOU LEFT 4AD TO DO THE ALBUM?

No, No that would be 'Bela Lugosi's dead' that was on Small wonder and there's a deal going thru' that we might get it and re-release it on our own label.

ARE YOU GONNA STICK WITH 4AD?

Uh, dont know....(At this point the manager/bassist attacks Pete, Pete attempts to call the rest of the band over. Here we start the interview proper, so in true vague style Brian repositions the tape and nothing else is recorded. After this set back any lesser journalist would give up and get on with the gig review, but not Vague. I shall now attempt to carry on without aid from any electrical device. You know we make all the interviews up anyway)

The manager sums up the rest of his band by saying 'You can put they're a right load of ponces! They seem to be put off by this + dont join us. For the record they are; Danny Ash- Lead and David Jay- Drums.

ARE YOU INTO PRE-WAR GERMAN

ART? (In ref. to name)

The German connection is just a matter of interest. The name 'BAUHAUS' adequately describes our imagery both visually and musically.

ARE YOU DELIBERATELY TRYING TO PORTRAY A DARK + SINISTER IMAGE?

No, we dont deliberately try + create anything contrived like that. It's just an image we've been labelled with. (See Sounds 'Music for Exorcisms' article)

TALKING ABOUT IMAGES HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT VAMPERKNACKERS

SPANDAU BALLET RIP-OFF?

I cant really say until I've seen them. (That stopped me in my tracks, I'll have to wait until they play before I can slag them - drat!

We now get the formalities out of the way with the brief (or brief) history bit. I think in the case of BAUHAUS this is necessary 'cos a lot of people dont know much about them. And it's about time they did.

They come from Northampton + have been together for about 2 years. BAUHAUS is Pete Murphy's first band but the others have been in groups before.

DISCOGRAPHY is as follows;

'BELA LUGOSI'S DEAD' -small wonder
'DARK ENTRIES' -4AD
'TERROR COUPLE' -4AD
'KILL COLONEL' -4AD
'TELEGRAM SAM' -4AD
(Their excellent version of the old Bolan classic will be the new single. We mistakenly reviewed it as the 2nd single in V5)

DEBUT ALBUM

'IN FLAT FIELDS' -4AD
(It's gonna be high on my Xmas list)

They made it really big in London about 6 months ago along with the Psychedelic Furs, the hippest band around. Their first trip to the provinces was when they supported Magazine + blew them off stage at most of the dates. 2 months ago they did a handful of dates + that brings us up to date with the 'In flat fields' tour and the second date at B/mouth stateside center.

I ask a question that I've been wondering about for some time.

DO YOU USE HAIRSPRAY OR VASELINE? (Was'nt that funny ?
No, actually I asked;
IS 'TERROR COUPLE' ABOUT NEWS-PAPER HEADLINES?

It's not about newspaper headlines on the whole, but about one in particular. 'Terror couple kill colonel' is an actual headline. The meaning behind the song is, how the papers make a 4 or 5 syllabal catch phrase out of a major event like that.

I was gonna go on about the press but we're running out of time + that's boring anyway. So I finish off with;

YOU'VE BEEN COMPARED WITH BOWIE, WHAT BOWIE IMAGE DO YOU MOST ASSOCIATE YOURSELVES WITH? HEROES?

We're obviously influenced by Bowie, and Bolan, but I dont associate us with any of his images. (anyway I think Pete's vocals are like Bowie from 'Heroes' onwards)

By now the doors have opened and the stateside is beginning to fill (sic.) with poor old Knackeredvamps just finishing off their 10 minute sound-check and about half of the BAUHAUS P/A.

And that's it. Nothing about blasphemy or sprigs of garlic I'm afraid, just a very intense young man telling us about his band. Of course the best way he can tell us, is by playing live.

They dissappear now, to return a few hours later as BAUHAUS. In the meantime we set about liggig which is a hard job in B/mouth. The best we can do is Paul + Kitch from Program, all the Silent Guests and a couple of Intestines.



Putting the gig in the stateside disco could have been a master-stroke + to a certain extent it revived the 'club' feeling of the old village days. But although I successfully managed to get out of it and have a good time, there was something missing - no atmosphere.

This feeling of no atmosphere was continued by the APPEARANCE of KnockersVanhire, on stage. Paul always ready with apt wording, describes it as 'Lavatory music' I think that describes them, and other such pratt bands - Lavatory Rock. The music is flat and monotonous. They are just plain dull.

They have spent far too much time on looking pretty and not enough on musical style. But they are such nice young boys, they should go far - if they jump on the Spandau/Blitz bandwagon and have a Peter Powell hit of the week.

I continue furiously liggering and pick up some up to the minute scoops on Program and Silent Guests, see rest of this ish. BlandorKnackered do a short but boring set then there's a really long wait before BAUHAUS. They like to come on as near to midnight as possible.

On stage BAUHAUS are completely different people, I know everybody is, but them more than most. Pete Murphy is Iggy Pop reincarnate (where have you read that before) and the rest dont look to friendly.

"WE'RE BAU-HAUS! YOU WON'T HAVE SEEN ANYTHING LIKE US.... ..OR ME! AND WON'T EVER AGAIN". He's right, nobody knows what to make of them. The B/mouth

punkies don't know whether to stand around posing, or dance. So they all stand around confused and ruin what could have been a great gig. You could see the expression of nonunderstanding on their faces, they just don't have a clue when they've got to decide something for themselves. When it's not given to them on a plate, eg. U.K. SUBS=PUNK ROCK= POGO. I'm not gonna waste time slugging the audience though, there are more important things to do. After the second number, someone gives Pete Murphy some verbal. "MY, WHAT GRAMMAR..... ..THANKYOU VERY MUCH".

Bauhaus are not easy listening. The trouble with them is that they are not contrived enough for the fans taste. Like a number of bands around today, they are natural, they are not a commercial band and they are not an R'n'R band. The intensity and unpretentiousness of it wins me over but few others.

People just stand and stare at Pete's bizarre mimes of crucifixions and forcefields, not as good as Bowie (Ziggy) but then Murphy on stage is more like Iggy. When they do 'Telegram Sam' it seems like an excellent cover of an old Rock 'n Roll number. They make Bolan seem 20 years in the past, while there are bands that have'nt reached Bolan yet.

The only number that strikes me as sinister is 'Monkey' which reaches demonic proportions. 'Terror couple' is excellent with it's jerky Pop Group funk even. I'll only make one more HELPED ON INTERVIEW BY CHRIS + BRIAN. PHOTOGRAPHS - MARK.

comparison + that's it, promise. It's just about impossible to make anymore than that. They have the same naturalness as the Banshees. They make mistakes but with style. And mistakes show they are real. BAUHAUS are forceful and stubborn, they are very real indeed.

By the time they do 'Dark Entries' the bands patience is running out. At last a flicker of recognition sets off sporadic bursts of dancing. There's more action on stage but it isn't carried into the audience. This is no fault of BAUHAUS who dont return for an encore, which is a shame because it would have been 'Bela Lugosi's dead' But the audience simply didn't merit it.

I'm feeling rather sad when Rod Ex. Program supremo pats me on the shoulder. 'Best band they've ever had down here and he's the best frontman I've seen since Paul' But band are'nt gonna play down here for a handful of us who appreciate them. MESSAGE TO B/MOUTH PUNTERS: I KNOW FOR A FACT THAT THEY WANT TO STOP PUNK GIGS AT THE STATESIDE (THEY MAY ALREADY HAVE DONE) IT'S UP TO YOU TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT. FOR FUCK SAKE IT'S NOT HIP TO STAND AROUND POSING AT THE VILLAGE NO MORE. SOON YOU'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO POSING AT THE MAISON BUT YOU WOULD'NT CARE. WELL IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU DID BEFORE THIS WHOLE PLACE IS OVER RUN WITH FUCKING TRENDIES AGAIN. FIGHTING TALK. Sorry BAUHAUS for messing up your article but i had to mouth off somewhere. BAUHAUS are not to be missed. You might not understand them, but try. VI

understand them, but try. TON.



PROGRAM

THE STORY SO FAR

Just over a year ago we first met Southampton's PROGRAM and did the interview for Vague 2. Consequently we went to their "prestigious" B/mouth Down hall gig - only their sixth gig as the PROGRAM - and they won us over almost immediately. At last somebody had come out of this area with something new and original to say. Since then Vague has got very involved with the band, promoting gigs and trying to get them a recording contract.

PROGRAM are not a 'pop' group by any means. Put a lot of 'ordinary' people like them, purely because of the sheer energy, hardwork and originality they put into a live performance. There's the added extra of a bit of experience now as well.

Probably their best feature is that they're great live. For pure live energy I'd only go to see the Ants rather than PROGRAM. Lead singer Paul Vtrippier has got stage presence and charisma - but he is not a star, he's just part of the team.

The over all sound has been compared with Ultravox (Mainly by Paul) and the Human League. I disagree with both of these, not being a great fan of either. They are both used by electronic synthesizers. Whereas PROGRAM use their keyboards - to create an effect which is a long way from R'n'R but not electronic either.

They are not one of these 'grey' unexciting bands that we see so much of now. They are human beings. They're real. They're as much a part of the 1980's as....(no, I've nicked that from somewhere) There's humour there but PROGRAM are deadly serious. They will not be stopped by apathy or money grabbing. PROGRAM have something to say and nobodies going to stop them.

This last year has'nt been too good on PROGRAM. Since the B/mouth town hall gig - they supported This Heat in B/mouth and John Otway in Poole. Then in January

1980 they did a short tour. They played Winchester, Bristol, Weymouth, Bath, Mere, B/mouth twice + Salisbury twice.

As the tour progressed the band started to get a sizeable following mainly from Salisbury and Shaftesbury. All the gigs were successes with the notable exception of Bristol Trinity - where the sight of something real freaked out the local bootboys.

Since then gigs have been sparse in true Spandau style - they're nothing to do with all that 'crap' either. But there's been plenty of happenings. Potential deals with old hippy farts like Realta, Rockborough and Heartbeat all fell thru.

Then in the summer came the surprise news that they'd been signed up by 'MIRACLE MANAGEMENT' MM were a new and supposedly adventurous company - that had set up shop in Southampton - with the intention of helping out local talented bands. (Cough!) I met the blokes who run it and they told me of plans for 30 date package tours, red vinyl singles and of futurist gary numan images giving the 'Punk rock' bit the elbow. I was dubious but it looked like they were doing something - so perhaps PROGRAM would at last get the recognition they deserve.

Then after one practise gig for the tour - Paul rang up and told me that MM had sacked them. The reasons were that they could not fulfill PROGRAM's ambitions. But what it amounted to was that PROGRAM were too political for them. If they think PROGRAM are political - they must have been after someone like the Tourists.

Paul went on to say that they'd probably never get a record deal but nobody would change their attitude. Unperturbed they retired from gigging altogether to work on new material. In a way this is a shame

because it may mean that songs like 'Face to Face', 'Nothing to say', 'Enemies of silences', etc. maybe lost the same way as Ant songs 'Redscab', 'Hampstead', 'Puerto Rican', etc.

I feared that the band might split but instead another member was added in the form of Pat 'Edd'. The full line-up is now as follows:

PAUL VTRIPPIER	- VOX/SYNTH.
KRIS YEATS	- DRUMS.
SIMON WARNE	- LEAD GUITAR.
MARTIN KITCHER	- BASS
ANDY ROBINS	- SYNTH
PAT 'EDD	- RHYTHM GUITAR

Also manager Rod was ousted in favour of the more experienced Robin. However Rod is still associated with the band.

The first gig after MM and with Pat in the line-up was supposed to be supporting the Cosmetics in Roscombe. But they jacked out leaving PROGRAM as headliners with the other half of the Tours - Dabiz supporting.

I was on the Ants tour at the time but apparently the gig was a great success. Chris did an interview that night and that will be in Vague 9 which is devoted to bright new bands for the 80's; Bow-wow-wow, Classix, Martian Dance, etc.

Well, that's brought us up to date - the first thing PROGRAM are doing in 81 is;

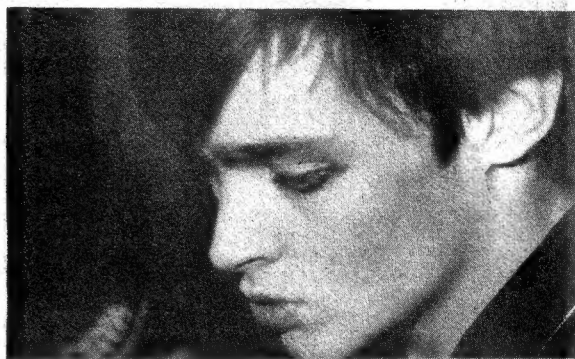
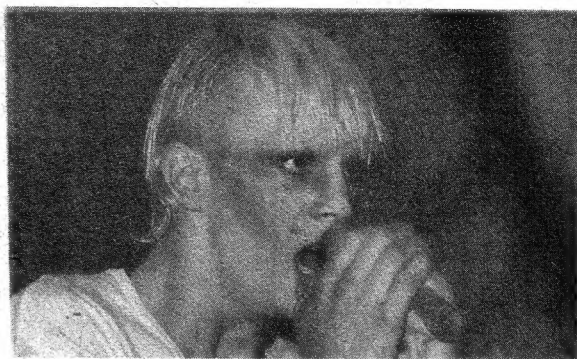
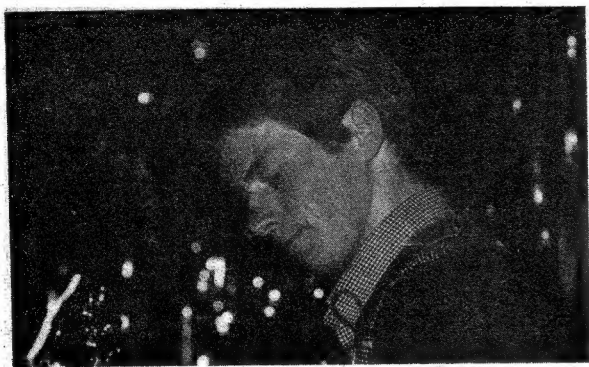
VAGUE PROMOTIONS PRESENT:

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MIRACLE SURGERY
VANPIERNACHT
SILENT GUESTS

AT CAPONES, B/MOUTH.

ON JAN 7th '81.

program



ANT
CENTRE
OF THE SOUTH

T-SHIRTS
TAPES, BADGES

MUSIC MARKET

BETTER
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AND BEST OF
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(VAGUE!)

4 bourton st.
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CND

MARCH

IN

SALISBURY

with killing joke

early next
year

FOR FURTHER DETAILS
SEE JANE, DEBECKS.
OLD GEORGE HALL, SALISBURY.



THE FINAL FRONTIER



**TOM, PETE AND
THE CREW BOLDLY GO
WHERE NO ANTS HAVE
GONE BEFORE.**

*This true and dash-
ing tale is taken
from the novel 'The
Final Frontier'*



PART I - INTRO

Well what can you say? They've made it. At last Adam's getting his message across to the wider market. He's worked hard and gone thru more shit than anyone else. Now, he's got together an excellent bunch of musicians and secured himself a seemingly good deal. At last they're getting the recognition they deserve and no one can begrudge them the \$\$\$ they will make.

But... they're not OUR band anymore. They have become public property. At first the industry shunned them because they didn't fit into the right mould. The Ants became a cult band along the lines of the early Pistols. The cult spread and finally they could not be ignored any longer. The industry let them in and they wallowed in it; Rave reviews, TOPP's and signing to CBS. After this tour it will be America and then who knows - the new Roxy Music? The early pioneers; Pistols, Damned, Clash, etc could not be easily grafted into the Rock'n'Roll tapestry. But they were slowly eroded by time. And now they've either jacked it in or become nice safe pop bands. The Ants were the only survivors. Now it's virtually inevitable that they will go the same way.

That is why I see the FRONTIER tour as the last great tour of the Punk Rock revolution. The tours were landmarks: 'Anarchy'; 'White Riot', 'the first Damned tour', 'S.P.O.T.', 'Scream', 'Sort it Out', 'Zerox', 'Join Hands', 'Ants Invasion' and now the Final Frontier.

The tour has't started yet so firstly here's Pete Scott to review the album:

PART 2 - THE ALBUM

It's about 12:30 on a Sunday evening early in November. I'm sitting up late, trying to put my thoughts down on paper. Ordinarily I wouldn't be able to type this late at night. My parents would be in bed, and the noise would disturb them. But they're away from home at the mo, so I can rattle away to my heart's content. What I want to write about is the new Adam and the Ants LP, 'Kings of the Wild Frontier'. I want to sort out how I feel about it. I see, the Ants used to be my favourite group, and maybe they still are. I dunno any more... That's one of the things I want to get straight in my head...

Up until fairly recently, I believed in the Ants 100%. More specifically, I believed in Adam himself. In a recent 'Panorama', Nick Mercer referred to him as "the closest thing to God that we have," and in a sense, I agreed. I had faith in Adam. I had faith in his talent, in his wit and discernment. I regarded him as a very clever, very staunch, very upright young artist. But now I'm not so sure. To be honest, I don't like the direction his career is currently taking. Not at all.

At one time, being a fan of the Ants was like belonging to a very exclusive club or street gang. It was a Secret Affair in a sense undreamed of by Ian Page. Adam was fond of describing his following as 'clandestine', a very appropriate word. The Ants had something that no other band had. Tony D., writing in 'Kill Your Pet Puppy', defined it as 'an all-powerful force'. It was a highly individual combination of energy, inspiration and commitment. In fact, it was unique. Consequently, the

Ants were always separate and distinct from the common herd. They didn't play pop, rock or punk music; they played Antmusic. Antmusic for Seizepeople. Antmusic was something clean and pure, something startling in its power and originality. It was based around the most outrageous, scabrous themes imaginable: Sado-masochism ('Whip in my Valise'; 'Beat My Guest'), bondage ('Ligotage'), rubber fetishism ('Rubber People!'), cartoon bestiality ('Juanito the Bandito'), and so on.

The Ants' debut LP, 'Dirk Wears White Sox', was brilliant. No two ways about it. Though the production lacked some of the power and immediacy of a live Ant-show, the songs themselves were all quite compelling. 'Cleopatra' examined Cleo's prowess as a blow-job artiste; 'Catholic Day' cast a sardonic eye over the assassination of John F. Kennedy; 'The Idea' probed the validity of religion; 'Animals and Men' focused on the manifesto of the Futurists, a body of Italian artists annexed by the fascists; and 'The Day I Met God' was full of praise for the size of the good Lord's penis. Tony D. was moved to complain that compared with what the Ants could've come up with, 'Dirk' was little more than disgraceful. But basically, it was a bloody fine record.

Things began to alter sometime around January of 1980, when Adam teamed up with Marco Pirroni and formed the new Ants. I suspect that his brief business partnership with arch-conman Malcolm McLaren may have influenced him to some degree, but the fact is that Adam changed. He became much more

ADAM & THE ANTS FRONTIER TOUR '80

ANT MUSIC REVIEW

Special Guests GOD'S TOYS

Also Featuring ANT MUSIC DISCO

November 9	Liverpool	Royal Court Theatre - 2 shows 6pm & 10pm	November 30	Cardiff	Top Rank
November 10	Edinburgh	Tiffany's	December 1	Brighton	Top Rank
November 11	Glasgow	Tiffany's	December 2	Coventry	Tiffany's
November 12	Durham	University	December 3	Stoke	Victoria Hall, Hanley
November 13	Lincoln	Brill Hall	December 4	Derby	Kings Hall
November 14	Hull	College	December 5	Taunton	Odeon
November 15	West Runton	Pavilion	December 6	Bristol	Locarno
November 16	Sheffield	Top Rank	December 7	Birmingham	Odeon
November 17	Blackburn	St. George's Hall	December 8	Shrewsbury	Tiffany's
November 18	Manchester	Polytechnic	December 9	Cardiff	Market Hall
November 19	Grimsby	Central Hall	December 10	Newcastle	Royalty Theatre
November 20	Leeds	Polytechnic	December 11	Ipswich	Gaumont
November 21	Aylesbury	Frirs	December 12	Chelmsford	Odeon
November 22	London	Lyceum	December 13	Canterbury	Odeon
November 23	Doncaster	Odeon	December 14	Manchester	Appollo
November 24	Oxford	New Theatre	December 15		
November 25	Exeter	St. George's Hall			
November 26	Penzance	Demelzas			
November 27	Southampton	Gaumont			
November 28	Lewisham	Odeon			
November 29					

The band will be at the HMV shop in the towns marked ● at lunchtime on the day of the concert to sign copies of the new album.

of a businessman. "I want major distribution for 'Kings' and for all my new product from now on." Of course, I neither wanted nor expected Adam to labour on in obscurity forever. He's got to eat just like everyone else. But just the same, I'm dismayed that he should've turned his back on the old underground/punk ideals. Maybe that's naive of me. I dunno...

The first Adam/Marco single, 'Kings of the wild frontier' was a rousing Ant-chant set to an irresistible tribal pulse-beat. It was a great record. (Adam looked like Harry Smith drawing of Conan the barbarian on the front of the pic sleeve.) The second Adam/Marco single, 'Dog Eat Dog', carried on in the 'Kings' vein. Despite an impenetrably daft chorus that was so show reminiscent of Marc Bolan ("Leapfrog the dog and brush me, daddi-o-??"), it was basically a serviceable, fast-moving grade-A pop-rock single. Not bona fide Antmusic, but close. Shortly after it was released, Adam sent me an enthusiastic letter informing me that the Ants had just recorded a video for RORP. "We looked and sounded proud," he said. "Let the millions decide." Well, the Ants didn't look particularly proud. At least, not in my view. They looked out of their element. Adam's mining was slightly out of synch at times, and his feathers kept getting in the way. All in all I found the entire spectacle a little disheartening, especially when my disco-crazed sister said, "Ooh, it's not a bad sound, is it? And I bet he's quite good-looking under all that gunk." Oh gawd....

The Ants' new album, 'Kings of the Wild Frontier', is a very slick, goosy package. As I type these words, it's due out in a few days. I've just been listening to an advance copy. It's a record littered with great phrases and slogans: "He who writes in blood don't want to be read/He must be learned by heart"; "I mean to keep this fire in me" (what fire?); "Get off your knees and hear the insect prayer"; and of course the old stand-by "Antmusic for Sexpeople", a saying that's now starting to sound a little hollow. The fact is that the Ants don't play Antmusic any more; they play songs about Antmusic, which isn't quite the same thing. 'Don't Be Square (Be There)', 'The Magnificent Five' and 'Ant Music' are all paeans to the power of Adam's musical vision. But only 'Don't Be Square' rings true. The other two sound rather trite and uninspired.

The best two tracks on the LP, 'Ants Invasion' and 'Killer in the Home', were previewed during the Invasion tour in mid 1980. They're both tense, powerful songs. My only reservation is that 'Killer' lacks the harsh, decisive, forward-moving guitar of the live version. 'Kings' and 'Dog Eat Dog' are both included, and I'll say no more about them here. Another song, 'Human Beings', identifies Adam still further with the plains Indians of the American old West. The lyrics are simple: a chant of 'Blackfoot- Pawnee- Cheyenne- Crow/ Apache- Arapaho,' followed by a single phrase: 'The Human beings....' The message is simple and vivid. The Blackfoot, the Pawnee, the Cheyenne, the Crow, these people were human beings, just like you and I. But now their way of life has been destroyed. Now 'The Human Beings' is probably one of Adam's most compassionate songs. Adam's fascination with the old West reaches its burlesque nadir in 'Los Rancheros', which sounds like the

result of a secret union between Ennio Morricone and the Shadows. Marco's guitar twangs attractively. Adam sings the lyrics (partly made up of the titles of old spaghetti westerns) in the foreground, and in the background a spectral Ant-chorus chants a bizarre back-up refrain: "Clint East-wood/ Clint East-wood...." The effect barely falls short of being laughable.

But if 'Los Rancheros' is a little feeble, 'Jolly Roger' is ten times worse. It's an inane 'Frigging in the Rigging'-type pirate ditty. The lyrics are chanted nursery-rhyme-fashion over an single-minded non-melody, and the whole thing is an insult to any long-standing Antfan. The first time I heard it, I felt sick, sold-out, betrayed. Finally I felt angry that Adam Ant, the man responsible for such beautiful songs as 'Ligotage', 'Red Scab', 'Hampstead' and 'Nietzsche Baby', could authorize the release of such a piece of garbage. I'm hoping to interview Adam at some time during the Frontier tour, and if I do, one of the first things I'm going to ask is what on earth possessed him to write 'Jolly Roger' in the first place, let alone record it.

In the final analysis, what the 'Kings' album amounts to is an attempt to short-circuit the old 'clandestine' appeal and sell the concept of Adam and the Ants direct to the general public. It's a way of saying to the uninitiated, 'Look, this is what the Ants are all about....' A very saddening development indeed. An elitist snob I may be, but the fact is that I'd be far happier if the Ants were to slide back into relative obscurity-but fast! Having given the matter some thought, I've decided that I don't want them to become trivialized by success. I don't want to see them making asses of themselves on TOTP. Nor do I want them to be ground between the giant millstone of the record industry in order to make more and more bread. That would be one hell of a drag.

But in the Daily Mirror's 'Pop Corner' the other day, Peter Powell (he of the vicious, spit-eating grin) described the Ants as "the band who have put the 'show' back into showbusiness." He went on, "they're doing for the Eighties what

Gary Glitter did for the Seventies, and I expect them to be just as successful. So I guess that's it. Once the Peter Powells of the music scene get their hooks into a group, it's time to pack up and go home. Of course, the ones I really feel sorry for are Adam's long-time supporters. They are the Family. The Family of Noise. Or they were. The Ants were theirs and theirs alone. But now they're being forced to share the Ants with the TOTP's crowd. The Ants no longer belong to a select few. The old tribal Ant-lifestyle is slipping away. Fast. And that's sad.

All of this probably sounds like a prime example of the build 'em up and tear 'em down syndrome in operation, but it's not. Basically, I still have faith in Adam. I must have written more articles and reviews on the Ants than anyone else, and I'm fiercely proud to have been associated with them - albeit indirectly - over the last 18 months or so. In their heyday the Ants were brilliant. Brilliance could be theirs again. 'Kings' is well below par, but if the Ants were to alter their orientation a little, I still believe they could come out on top. I hope Adam will forgive me for writing this article, but I had to get it off my chest. Anyway, it's getting late now, and I'm off to bed. I'll finish off by quoting Tony B. one last time: "This article may now be very well written, but it was hard to see through my tears...."

PART 3 - CARTROUBLE OH YEAH!

As usual everything is planned ant weeks before-hand. I'll just briefly go thru' all the balls ups. Firstly that fucking little bastard Witho didn't turn up again. So I'm sitting on the Exeter/Waterloo train amongst two thousand VAGUE 7's. Luckily Malcolm (lighting technician extraordinaire-recommended by Charlie Harper) picks me up at Waterloo.

More bad news at Peter's. The van's fallen thru'. So we decide to get the coach to Liverpool and Malcolm takes the fanzines up in his car. In the meantime we go to see Bow-Wow-Wow and they cancel because a boiler blew-up and the stage was literally live. So we get pissed and make an early start the next day.

PART 4 - LIVERPOOL PUBLIC LAVATORY

(A) IT'S YOUR MONEY THAT WE WANT AND YOUR MONEY WE SHALL HAVE!

On arrival in Liverpool it's reunion time. Most of the old faces are there: Duncan, Abro, Steve, Dino, etc. Local boys: Robbo and Bowhead immediately set about selling 100 Vagues outside-while I have a quick lig with Les Pattinson of the Bunnymen-nice bloke (see Bunnymen review). When they eventually open the doors, there is a sizeable frozen crowd-of which rather a lot are little punkies. On entering the Royal Court theatre-I suss out Falcon and try to arrange something for the fanzines. He eventually agrees to sell them on the stall-but for 50p and they keep the extra 20p- and even then they'll only take 500 in the truck. I have no choice. I've got to make £400 to pay the printer.

During all this hassle, I only get a quick glimpse of God's Toys, but it looks like they've got something and I think they'll grow on me. The Antmusic review makes a change from yer usual disco. They even played 'Downtown'.

Then it's time-and at last Gary Glitter is dropped in favour of the 1812 overture. When the houselights are dropped and Warrior Ant banner raised-you'd think it was the second coming. I think, as far as Adam's concerned, it is.

What follows is just a total abortion. There's something wrong with Adam's voice, the bass is n't right. The overall sound is just so awful and it's not all the P/A's fault.

The Ants do all the new stuff and it all flops miserably except for 'Human beings' which is going to develop into a classic. The only old numbers they do are diluted ones like 'Cartrouble' and 'Zergs'. Around the mixing desk it's a pretty dismal sight kids that have been following the Ants for 3 1/2 years stand still and can hardly hide their disappointment. Down the sides UK Subs fans are posing themselves (even more) stupid-while the rest of the audience remain seated and bouncers crowd ominously in the aisles.

Adam says "WE'RE HERE FOR YOU". He means all the little punkies and not the kids that have hitched 100's of miles and been beaten up countless times just to see the Ants. Then I 'spose money's more important than loyalty in this game.

Towards the end it gets a little better when they do 'Fall in' and 'Beat my guest'. I'm not knocking them for doing the new stuff, but for not preparing it properly and for doing it in a toilet. I think we'll pass this showing off as a glorified soundcheck, but we had to pay £3 for it.

(b) STILL WAITING FOR THE ANTS INVASION.

After a couple of jars and Falcon putting us on the guest list, we're in a slightly better frame of mind. We're too late for God's Toys - And nearly don't get to see the Ants, because seeing we're on the guest list, we don't have stall tickets, so we have to sit in the balcony. This is really frustrating 'cos the Ants are so much better.

Down the front it's chaos. The bouncers can't hold the fans back any longer. In the crush some bloke broke his leg. I seem to remember Adam saying "We won't play toilets". This place is like a public lavatory. They start the recovery with 'Human beings' which I'm sure is gonna be all time great. There's no lyrics as such just Adam's wailing vox over subdued tribal drumbeat. But what was Marco doing with his Mick Jones impersonations on a rostrum. Marco is a bloody good and individual guitarist, and should leave the posing to Adam and Kevin.

They continue with a more sensible mixture of old and new. And apart from a bodge up with 'A.N.T.S.' it's a total transformation. Lugging the fanzines back to Robbo's afterwards, I'm feeling a bit pissed off with the Ants. Nonetheless the next day Pete, Abro and me set off to Scotland along with two lads from Newport. And cheers to everybody at Robbo's who helped out.

PART 5 - RETURN TO SCOTLAND

We arrive in Edinburgh at 8pm, feeling the effects of the 8 hour coach journey. Then we have to walk a mile to Tiffany's with a thousand fanzines. Then on top of that we have hassle getting in. I'm feeling very disillusioned indeed. Then came the turning point. We get in and discover that Adam has put us on the guest list and OK'd it for selling Vague on the stall and for 30p. Perhaps he's not so bad after all. Also they sell well, thank god.

I spend most of the night unsuccessfully looking for Johnny Waller. God's Toys go down quite well in the end, but I still didn't see enough to judge. Before the Ants come on the gig is nearly stopped 'cos of the crush at the front. This heavy situation dissolves its self and they hit the stage to bursts of sporadic pogoing.

Give up my search and start to dance. The new numbers are beginning to fit in a bit more and even 'Jolly Roger' is growing on me. But the gig is ruined by stupid stage invasions. At times it was as bad as a UK⁵ gig.

We eventually find somewhere to stay. Pete and Abro get to spend the night in a nice flat while the rest of us stay in someone's attic. The next day we apprehensively set off for Glasgow on the train, 'cos it was fairly cheap. However money supplies are running short already. On arrival in Glasgow there's no drunken Rangers fans running amok - only the manager of Glasgow's Tiffany's - who unwisely has a go at the

large (in all ways) road crew - for singing. Apart from the staff though this is a lot better venue. Really it's a Locarno, there's not a plastic palm tree in sight, and there's a more civilised stage.

I congratulate Chris (Merrick) on their success. And on the TOTP's subject, he thoughtfully replies "that the point of a band is to entertain as many people as possible in the best way." - Good point.

In the bar we're reassured by some Glaswegians that they're not that bad. We don't venture out until the 1812 overture, 'cos you can't get back in. I frantically drink my pint and go out into the packed concert hall. All the gigs so far have been sell-outs but this is the largest place yet. Unfortunately a lot of kiddies are pogoing at the front so we stay at the back.

Apparently 'Human beings' is about Cheyenne Indians who called themselves the REAL human beings and I suppose it's meant to relate to Antpeople. Of the other new material 'Jolly Roger' just can't be taken seriously except for the line it's your money that we want and your money we shall have! 'Rancheros' hasn't got it live, without the western guitar riffs.

'Antmusic' is a strong number, but it should never be the single. It should get the Christmas market though. 'Magnificent five' and 'Making history' begin to hold their own with the rest of the set. But as Pete Scott said "They're songs about Antmusic, not real Antmusic."

Anyway the Ants go down a storm and the Glasgow audience is terrific. People have really got the wrong idea about Glasgow. Afterwards we're treated to the best bit of hospitality so far - courtesy of Marc from Renfrew, who was nearly too good. He puts us up and does breakfast and everything. Thanks to all our mates north of the border.

The next day we leave Scotland on the train using these persil passes that Stumpy had.

PART 6 - THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY

(a) THE GOOD

We get to the quaint little city of Durham in the afternoon and suss out the venue. It's in a smart University complex and the students don't seem to bad. It doesn't seem that long before the bar opens and then a good session commences. The bar is upstairs so I miss God's Toys again and a bit of the Ants.

The gig is really hot, the band are really tight and the local people get into it well (but I wish they'd stop picking me off the floor). We all give each other a good battering in true 'violent' Ant fan fashion. But I'd like to point out that hardly anyone gets hurt except us and we love it.

By this time there's quite a few of us following the Ants. That's one thing that hasn't changed. The REAL Antpeople are still the best. Things start to go bad again afterwards when I discover that all my gears been ripped off. We get a lift to Manchester and spend the night at Abro's.

(b) THE BAD

In the morning I ring the Durham police, but there's no joy - so we set off for Lincoln. After another long train journey we're greeted with the news that the gigs been blown out. The roadcrew refused to do it 'cos the stage was too small and

somebody might have been killed.

Spirits aren't too low so we go round to the Ants' hotel to see what's happened. The Ants have remained behind. We console ourselves with a bit of a piss-up.

The roadcrew try and smuggle us into a spare room, but the manager said if there was 5 in one room, everybody would be cucked out. So Paul, Phil and me bravely volunteer to hitch it. Phil stops in Lincoln and gets a lift from an old woman while Paul and me trudge on for about 8 miles.

By then we've sobered up and eventually collapse on a grass verge. The next lorry picks us up, but drops us on the motorway when he turns off for Leeds. Then we get nicked for walking in a motorway but eventually get taken to Hull.

(c) THE UGLY

Ke and Paul arrive in Hull at about 7am, get some milk bottles then get some kip in the BR buffet. We get to the Queens garden college before the roadcrew. It's not very impressive. Typically middle class students are ponsing about all over the place.

The roadcrew arrive and between shouting abuse at girl students, they get things a bit more organised. During the afternoon all the groupies and liggers roll in. A sure sign that the Ants are stars now. These people are sickening but they'll probably get a lot further than I ever will. They're welcome to it.

A lot of us decide to make this our last tour - disillusioned with all the corruption. After waiting for an eternity, it's 6pm and pub time and a chance to get back to reality.

The actual gig is incredibly badly organised and we're beginning to think there's a jinx on this tour. Even so God's Toys are surprisingly good. The Queen's garden is another toilet and of course its sold out. There's no bar and business isn't very good. The Ants do their job well but I've no motivation to dance. I'm not interested in old R'n'R concerts. It could be the Subs as far as the pogoing punkies are concerned.

The hired gorillas chuck out Frenchie - then at last something good happens. Some kids that couldn't get in, broke in upstairs and set light to some chairs. The hall starts filling with smoke. The Ants continue playing until panicking students stop them. 'We'll be back' Adam says. They won't. The local old bill herd everybody out with about as much authority as Reagan has in Iran. On the way back to where we're staying, we all start turning on each other. Hull is definitely a bummer.

Another place to miss is West Rulton. After a 200 mile bus journey, we arrive at 10pm. The Ants are halfway thru their set and Rulton is the worst toilet to date. Afterwards back to London in Dave's van for a good sleep and a wash.

PART 7 - YOU SHOWED 'EM SHEFFIELD!

Arrive in Sheffield, on time, for a change. Adam doesn't think he's compromised, but how come he's catering for the sort of people he's supposed to despise. Kilts, bondage trousers, leathers with Subs/Grass or Ants on them. No one has any identity of their own. Is this what Adam wants? Does he really know what he's doing?

The Top Rank's not sold out, but it's just about the only thing that's not. It looks like God's Toys have recovered. They were having doubts

about this support spot, but it looks like they'll do better than Martian Dance—they certainly did tonight. The same set from the Ants and the reaction. Adam says "You showed 'em, Sheffield. This is your song, you sing it!" He says the same thing every night. He'll be throwing roses to the audience next like Gay Glitter. To make the evening complete, Malcolm and Frenchie get roughed up, then we all get gassed in Dave's exhaust pipe less van.

PART 8 - MANCHESTER'S FOR AFFAIRS BUT NOT FOR CANCELLATIONS.

After Sheffield we set up camp in Manchester at Dave's flat. Blackburn brings even more disillusionment when I have to pay to get in. So when we discover that the Manchester poly gig has been blown out, it's quite a relief in a way. But it's not for the kids in Manchester, who now have to pay twice as much at the seated Apollo in two weeks time. The Poly should be alright out of it though when they sue the Ants for breach of contract.

We spend our night off (yes, you guessed it) getting pissed and being entertained by Muppet. The next day is Nov. 19th and it's off to the port of Grimsby. We meet Malcolm and he confirms that the entire P/A's been blown out. They had a big bust up in Manchester. Adam thought the sound wasn't up to scratch, they were quarrelling amongst themselves and they were too hippyish or something. This is getting to be like the Anarchy tour.

The actual gig turns out to be a laugh, in the end—seeing that it's in an old church lecture hall. After a couple of bevies at the hotel, we spend the night in Malcolm's car.

Then when he eventually comes out of his B+B, we set off for Leeds. Leeds Poly is a nice place and there is a good crowd there. So with the Yorkshire ripper roaming free, the Antmusic show comes to town. The last couple of gigs have been more like real sex music—creating something like the spirit of old. Adam's dancing is better as well. But they didn't used to patronise the audience, with such Purseyanes as "You showed 'em Leeds!" etc. Still a good time was had by all in Manchester and it didn't rain that much. Thanks to everybody at Dave's flat, who put us up. (Look out for Leo in 'FACE'—you fucking poser).

PART 9 - FEED ME TO THE LIONS.

After a well deserved day off in London, we all meet up in Aylesbury. The Friars is as expected a nice looking venue, inside the civic hall. There's a bit of a scare when we're told there's no guest list cos some Yanks from CBS are coming. However one of the roadcrew gets us on it. Then we go out on the town and we're immediately hit by the bad vibes. Aylesbury is not a friendly place. The place is crawling with boneheads apparently after revenge for Wycombe on the last tour. In the end they turn on each other and the violence spills over into the streets afterwards. I went on about it but I'd just like to say that Aylesbury is a shithole and the people are the most unhospitable I have met.



PART 10 - 'LONG AGO IN LONDON TOWN' XII

On arrival outside the Lyceum, I'm more optimistic it looks as if the real human beings are here at last. I'm eventually smuggled in backstage but alot of the following don't get in.

God's Toys are excellent. They have the most original keyboards I've heard in ages and they go down well. Their interview will be in Vague 9. But original is hardly the word to describe Cuddly Toys. Their dated style of HM/Glam rock nearly gets them canned off.

Then it's Jordan's turn to do the Antmusic review. After this the pogging begins. I better finish off here cos I've said it all before. The Ants are still the best live band around. What happens in the future is up to the Magnificent five....or is it up to CBS?

Whatever happens the Ants won't be a threat anymore. They've become part of the system. This is not the Final Frontier though—there are still many battles to be fought.

TOM • TAKEN FROM THE NOVEL «THE FINAL FRONTIER» SOON TO BE RELEASED. FANX TO PETER VAGUE, STUMPY, FRENCHIE + LYNN, BOXHEAD, ROBBO, NIGE, MICK, NIGE, DAVE, BELINDA, CAROLINE, SARAH, THE JAMAICAN CONTINGENT, PAUL + PHIL, STEVE FROM CHESTER, GAZ, BILL, SUE, JOHNA, MARC, MALCOLM, WITHO(?) PUDDLE, AND OF COURSE JANE, AND MIGN AND PETE'S MUMS, AND ANY BODY THAT I'VE FORGOTTEN.

THERE'S SOMETHING SPECIAL ON MAGGIE'S

October the 5th a.m. and it's bloody cold, there's not a mushroom in sight and this is no way magic! After changing our thermal underwear and having breakfast, we catch 40 winks, then at 11.30 we set off, destination Poole Arts Center, for the Specials in concert. We arrive in Poole at 12.30 after a minor delay, and head for liquid refreshment in the nearest pub. Then at closing time we head for the stage entrance of the venue, where, we are met by a strangely helpfull doorman, who arranges a meeting with the tour manager. We dosed for 2 hours then we went back to the center where we met him, he then led us through a maze of corridors to a dressing room, where we waited for a few minutes. Later the door opens and in walks Sir Horrace Gentleman, who is as you know, the bass guitarist. "At the begining of the tour" we ask "there was a certain amount of unrest within the ranks, which almost resulted in cancellation of the tour."

"Yea" came the reply, "what it was, we had just finished the album and Jerry was cleaning it up and getting the production right, while the rest of the group were resting, but as soon as Jerry had finished the album we had our first gig of the tour in St. Austell, so Jerry was a bit tired and suffering from over-work and was generally disillusioned, but everything was cleared up and here we are!"

"What's happening after the tour?"

"Rest" Horrace does n't have to think about this. "Every one is tired, so we're all going to have a long rest to get away from it all and sort our-selves out."

"I asked if there was any truth of Bad Manners being on the tour."

"We wanted them to do the tour, but they had other commitments."

(Hot off the press info)

"But there's talk of them doing a package tour America, with us and Madness, which, if it comes off, would be sometime in the New Year."

"What is thought of the N.F. at your gigs?"

"WANKERS! !", Horrace says without hesitation, "We don't want any of their factions at our gigs. Anyway, most of the people who support the N.F. that

FARM



come to see us don't really understand what it all stands for, they are all just a bit thick."

Then a complete change of subject, Horace asks us a question.

"Did anyone see 25 Years of Rock?"

Which most of us had so we talked about it for a while then Horace remarked:

"Was n't it very Americanised?"

So then I thought Ah! American Tour, so I asked: "How did you find the American Tour?"

"Going to America was great for me personally, but everything was very false, all the audience wanted to see was this new hip band from England. The record company business men were being very friendly, which we knew was a big con, and two faced."

"How did the audience react in Japan, with the language difference etc?"

"It's quite strange" he says "But the Japanese have a good command of English. The people there have copied the American ideas, and are into the same bands, so we found it very similar to playing in America."

"Since the Selector split do you think they have much chance of success?"

He paused for thought and then answered "It will be an uphill struggle but I'd like to see them get on, they have two new members with them at the moment."

I follow up by asking about the 'Body Snatcher's' and the 'Swinging Cats' success.

"The Body Snatchers second single 'Easy Life' was better than the first but did n't get enough air play, therefore, it was n't a hit, which was a shame. The Swinging Cats are a relatively new band and so we'll have to see what the future has in store for them."

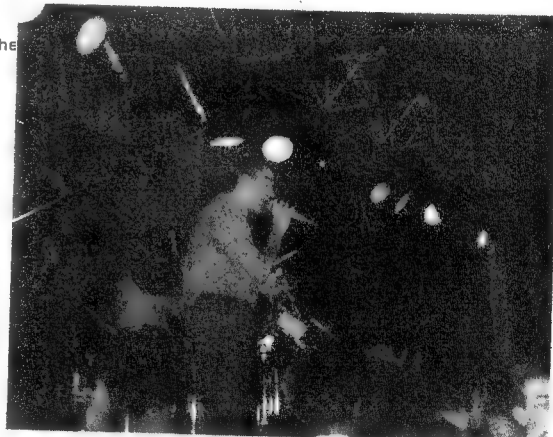
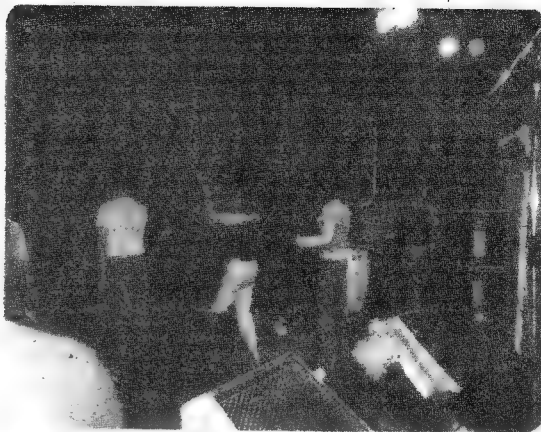
He talks about the latter with an element of doubt in his voice. After that we talked about everything and anything, which most of it I can't remember. After two hours we said goodbye to Sir Horace Gentleman, a man aptly named, and then we made our way back to the pub!

The gig itself was the usual Specials shin dig. There were three bands playing first of which were Team 27. I missed their set, due to a piss up at the bar, but caught them at Sinden Oasis a few weeks later. They ripped off Dexies Midnight Runners, but even though had good numbers including 'Dancing in the Street' and Roxy Music's 'In Crowd'.

Second on were the Swinging Cats, pity they were n't about this time last year, then they might have been worth listening to, but as a support group they are O.K. Then about half way through the set I drift down to the bar for a pint. Just as I finish the last quarter of this piss water, I heard from the hall "You're going home in a fuckin ambulance" the specials were on!

I stayed in the crowd for the first three numbers, which were:- Concrete Jungle, Rat Race, and Little Rich Girl, by then I was knackered so I went back stage for the rest of the show. The actual songs themselves were based around their new album, but included a few from the previous. Which included:- Stupid Marriage, Gangsters, Do The Dog, Too Much Too Young and Skinhead Moonstomp. After the latter the Specials left stage then returned for the encore and played a very extended version of Night Club and followed it by playing Holiday Fortnight. They left again and came back on after much demand from the crowd to play Your Wandering Now, which was left to a lone Skinhead to finish off with the assistance of a microphone borrowed from Terry Hall.

The gig went down very well, but for one incident half way through, when a couple of Skin's started a skermish but they were soon stopped and made to look right tit's by Messrs. Hall and Co. A gig well worth the journey.



tickets and stamping your hands. But we still got in for nothing. Thanks, John.

SILOUSIE + THE BANSHEES, LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN, ECHO + THE BUNNYMEN, U2, WASTED YOUTH, CLOCK DVA, ALTERED IMAGES, MODERN ENGLISH, BLAH BLAH BLAH, MIRROR BOYS, VENA CAVA, ACROBATS OF DESIRE, Y?, MUSIC FOR PLEASURE, DISTRIBUTORS, SOFTCELL, GUY JACKSON, EATEN ALIVE BY INSECTS OR WAS HE PUSHED?, I'M SO HOLLOW.

After reading Danny Baker's piece on Reading and the forlorn hopelessness of it all, I found it very amusing that Leeds was not very different. The same glazed, drunken expressions and soiled clothing. The only difference being the hair is spiky and not long and matted.

I'm not going to get all pessimistic and dismissive about it though. I honestly believe (Woops!) that some of us have got some hope and positivism left and we are the ones worth bothering about. There always was and always will be sheep that will eat any shit that is fed to them.

We stumble into the dark cavernous airship hanger and set about getting pissed like all good rock critics do. Apparently we had missed a couple of good bands; OR WAS HE PUSHED? and EATEN ALIVE BY INSECTS. But when I eventually begin to focus on the two 'Reading Fest.' stages, I think it was MODERN ENGLISH, who were boring everybody with their particular electronic buzz. I'm sorry they might have been good but after hearing c. 500 songs over 2 days you become a bit insensitive to it all.

I'm afraid I didn't run into Robert Fripp to have a tete-a-tete, only Abro, Witho + co. with whom we find a hole amidst the carnage to continue our pissing it up exercise.

I'm reminded of reality when I hear "Human factor" off the 'Hicks' album, so it must have been MUSIC FOR PLEASURE. Were they here last year? They managed to drag themselves above the norm. I seem to remember BLAH BLAH BLAH and I'M SO HOLLOW being awful and CLOCK DVA being disappointing.

I think I must have missed the much acclaimed ALTERED IMAGES. And it was not until a certain GUY JACKSON hit the stage that any humour and warmth was brought into the occasion.

His at first dull and jokey poems, aroused a reaction at any rate, when he was nearly canned off. It gave the camera men some thing to film for their feature film. As is usually the case with these heroic poets - I seem to remember Patrick Fitzgerald at the Carnival acting differently - but he continued regardless. You've got to admire a group of 4 or 5 people who get up on a stage and play to 6,000 people, but one guy (not a pun) on his own with no musical accompaniment!

By the end of his set he had everyone in the place up on their feet and applauding. No mean achievement. He wasn't that good though. I much prefer Martin Bessarman, who really puts everything into his act.

But for me (nobody else apparently) WASTED YOUTH stole the

show on the first night. Whether it was their heavily influenced Velvets sound compared with all the others or what. But I thought they were great. All hip slag-offs about posers and pretentious aside. What similarities can be drawn between them and the RM revival I just don't know. I don't think WASTED YOUTH are old fashioned, it's just that they've been influenced by the Velvets. Nobody has got divine inspiration except the Notsensibles (AAAAarrgh!) I'd much prefer this new psychedelia (What a stupid name) to the gross overrated U2.

I was very disappointed with U2. Expecting a new compelling pop vision. I really didn't see what U2 had to offer. They came across to me as boring MOR R'n'R. Like so many bands they have a boring flat image - no excitement. Perhaps this is the wrong place to see them, or anybody.

I'm really starting to believe this when ECHO + THE BUNNYMEN follow suit. Not quite as disappointing as U2, but they didn't do much for me either. It all seemed to be very routine. They seemed to be playing a very safe set. Don't take any notice of this Bunnymen fans, I've changed my mind - See B/mouth review.

At this point I met a couple of biker lads. I got chatting to them and they invited me over to Brannigans where they bought me a couple of pints of Tetleys. Cheers lads. I also met the infamous Joy Division nut over there, with 'Ian Curtis' tattooed round his ankles.

When we got back we seemed to have attracted all the oddballs in Leeds. I eventually got rid of an absolutely wrecked skin who was touching up Withie, by giving him a can of Carlsberg special brew - poor sod.

We didn't get rid of the spirit of Ian Curtis until the BANSHEES came on. From what I saw of the LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN, I think they were in the wrong place at the wrong time and should go back to playing Wimborne Village hall with the Martian schoolgirls.

By this time I'm well canned and decide to have a dance and enjoy myself - yes, enjoy myself, that is allowed isn't it? And I did enjoy myself. When I came thru the time warp to the front of the stage it could have been '76 except Sid and Marco have gone to be replaced by Budgie and John McGeough, permanently now.

The kiddies are pogoing and shouting for 'Hong Kong Garden' perhaps there isn't much hope? Why do they bother? But Sioux rise to the occasion in truly indomitable style. The next one is a new number so you won't be able to sing along! and I didn't say you could talk!

I was expecting the worst of the Banshees, a bit psychedelic or something awful like that. But no the old spirit is still there. But it's matured and freer now. They did what I thought was impossible bring 'Kaledoscope' across live, despite the crowd, high points were 'Skin', 'Red Light' and 'Icon' my favourite from 'Join hands'.

They were tight as well, perhaps Budgie was a bit out at times and it wasn't the best I've seen them by any means. But it was great fun knocking the little

I nearly didn't make the annual pilgrimage at all. Firstly John Keenan that enthusiastic young entrepreneur wouldn't give me a press pass. Saying 'We only issue them to the established press + if we let you have one everybody will want one.'

So much for being an alternative promoter and all that. He's just a money grabbing capitalist the same as all the rest. And apparently he does make a nice little profit out of it. Just a two-bit Harvey Goldsmith.

And while I'm knocking Keenan. What happened to all the improvements on last year. Apart from the sound, it was if anything, worse. You've heard about all the squalor. They're not kidding. It's real lowlife. Like the tube stations must have been during the war.

Nonetheless, I went and all the more determined to get in without paying. After all the plans of minibuses, etc. fell thru', I ended up hitching to London on Friday morning on my own. Typical! My plans were to meet Pete at the Music Machine where Classix were playing. Crash in London then get a coach to Leeds the next day.

A quiet night down the Music Machine before the drudgery of Leeds. No chance, there was very nasty scenes courtesy of the Witten crew and the bouncers. And although Classix were excellent, I didn't get to do an interview because of the trouble.

Going up by coach cost £10 and when we reached Leeds, there was two of us, a load of fanzines and very little money. Waiting outside the Queen's hall is no fun, either. With Tottenham playing Leeds we had to watch our accents and there was bad vibes all round. We were going to get some press passes but in the end Steve from Chester got us in on his pass. Cheers, Steve. It was difficult this year because they were clipping the

punkies about and pulling them off stage when they were trying to touch Sioux. Some of us still care some of us don't want to end up in the piss ditch at Reading.

Instead of the piss ditch I ended up wrapped in my raincoat amongst piles of cans and other debris. I get about 1/2 an hour sleep on the fibre glass coated floor, with the lights full on. Perhaps it isn't worth it. Look some of us do think.

At about 9.00AM we get chucked out and discover that Pete and Phil have had their belts ripped off. The real fun had just begun.



DAY 2 - (I've got to do it myself. We don't get two journalists on Vague, only about 1/2 of one)

GARY GLITTER, ATHLETICO SPIZZ '80, PSYCHEDELIC FURS, HAZEL O'CONNOR, 4 BE 2'S, YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS, SOFT BOYS, DURUTTI COLUMN, CLASSIX NOUVEAUX, BRIAN BRAIN, BLURT, NOT SENSIBLES, TRIBESMEN, DESPARATE BICYCLES, FRANTIC ELEVATORS, FLOWERS, BOOTS FOR DANCING, VICE VERSA, ARTERY, NAKED LUNCH, HOUSEHOLD NAME.

Wondering around Leeds looking for scraps of food to eat we have become part of the bedraggled crowd requiring no hope. They needed no confirmation, they confirmed each other. I seem to be the only one who enjoyed Saturday. Most of the London crew had a better time watching Tottenham at Elland Road.

It's a pretty dismal sight outside the Queen's hall as well. The not so faithful start to queue up as strains of Gary Glitter's sound check can be heard from within. 'The groups that take chances, the ones that lead the way'. These words from our benefactor, Keenan, keep filling my head.

I'm brought back to reality by the familiar sight of Boxhead who enjoyed himself last night as well. He spent the night under the mixing desk in a sleeping bag with 'some tart'. He promptly sell the remaining fanzines in about 10 minutes. So we set off for the safest pub.

One good thing about Leeds is Tetleys bitter and we start to revive the spirit of the night before. We're eventually forced to leave our sanctuary and make our way to the backstage area to wait for Classix Nouveaux, not wanting to go thru' the pass smuggling rigmole again.

The usual mechanical buzz of HOUSEHOLD NAME, ARTERY and VICE VERSA filters out to us, but there's no way that we're gonna filter in.

Classix are late. I try to get in on a forged pass to see THE FLOWER but get ejected. Hearing the Flower they seem strangely more confident than when I saw them in Edinburgh and are even a bit cocky outside - big stars now.

Hearing the DESPARATE BICYCLES and FRANTIC ELEVATORS sets it sounded to me that we were in the right place, but Pete strongly disagreed saying the Elevators were the best band of the day so far. But that's not saying much. As you can see we're getting really pissed off. Suddenly there's action. Pete's out in the road directing a van in and there's familiar faces all around. Classix have arrived. Malcolm (Thank God for Malcolm) eventually gets us in.

We get into the hall, which is much the same as the night before. TRIBESMEN are just coming back for a well deserved encore. A very adequate Reggae band. I'm slightly cheered up by meeting Nick Toczek of WCR fame, really nice bloke.

(See article on Wool City Rocker) But this doesn't last long the NOT SENSIBLES are introduced as the North's answer to Punk pathétique. Pathetic is the word for it alright. Look, after seeing the Damned in the 'good old days' this was a real drag. They've got no character, no musical talent (not necessary) no stage presence (No I'm not going to say they're great) and they're just unfunny, thumbs down to the Not Sensibles.

There's still another band before Classix, but it doesn't turn out to be the expected chore. BRIAN BRAIN used to be one of PIL. But that's in the past' is the announcement. Then three PIL looking gents get on stage far right and proceed to do a boppy PIL like set with taped drums. Brian hasn't got a very good voice but the sound is surprisingly tight and there's no problem with the pre-recorded tapes.

As his set continues he does 'Another Million miles' 2 or 3 times. I'm won over by the warm character of the headcase. After good covers of the Gang of Four's 'Tourist' and PIL's 'Careering' a box of bananas is brought on stage and Brian proceeds to pelt the audience with them. Audience abuse at it's best. They leave the stage to taped ecstatic applause then a similarly (or similarly) taped chant of 'BRIAN! BRIAN! BRIAN!' Martin Atkins and Co. appear again. 'I don't know what to say' then he does 'Another million miles' again. Great stuff. Brian is my hero.

I'm just starting to have fun again looking to a great show from Classix, when the 4 be 2's arrive. A coachload of them take over back stage and Jock Macdonald mouths off on stage while the 4 be 2 road crew boast Arsenal colours till 1 or 2 security guards send them away. Still should be good for the film. But not as good publicity as J.L. getting arrested in Dublin.

It's not looking good for Classix. Corky profusely apologises then they appear to a very mixed response. Our 'gang' starts to dance wildly although it's not a patch on the Music Machine gig. Quite understandably, being the biggest place they've played and after all the hassle.

However Sam and the boys start to win the crowd over much to our relief. Malcolm's lighting enhances their image. It really is Malcolm

this time. At the Ants Electric Ball room gig he just did the explosions.

This seems like a good point to say that the sound was really good all weekend and the lighting wasn't bad either, although the lasers for the film were a bit pathetic.

Back to CLASSIX, 'guilty' finally breaks the ice, as Sam sends a beam of light off his guitar all around the auditorium. Classix Nouveaux are a theatrical band in the same school as Punilux. But although lead singer Sam has the focal image of the band shaved head and body stocking for the final number, the rest of the band have an image as well.

They verge on the almost demonical with numbers such as 'Come a little closer'. Humour is there as well. Mik Sweeney, he of the big quiff fame, can hardly keep a straight face most of the time.

They do '6 to 3' and 'Runaway' and win themselves an encore which they do despite Sam collapsing after the latter number. The encore is the new single 'Robot's Dance' perhaps a touch pretentious title but a great pop song nonetheless.

Classix leave the stage satisfied with their performance. They went just about as far as they could under the circumstances. And assured themselves a good slag off in the press.

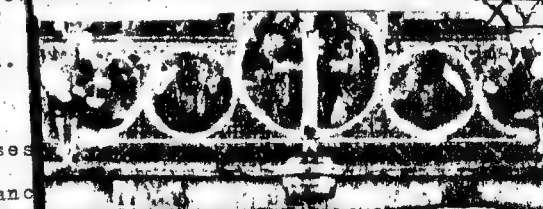
There should be an interview with Classix in Vague 9. They are incidentally; SAL SOLO (SAL) - VOX/SYNTH. Ex. News. MIK SWEENEY - BASS/SYNTH. Also Ex. News. GARY STEADMAN - GUITARS. Ex. Later. S.B.P. - SYNTH/PERC. Ex. X-Ray-Spex. Get hold of their new single 'Robot's Dance'.

Pete and me spend the rest of the festival dejectedly sitting on a heap of amps backstage not knowing how the fuck we were going to get home. We eventually get a lift in Classix van 'cos Mik and Gary stayed over.

The SOFT BOYS and DURUTTI COLUMN seem to drift by in a blur of Shamrock 4 be 2's shirts, with Jock Macdonald and Jimmy Lydon rushing all over the place. Psychedelic Furs and Gary Glitters are everywhere. But I'm really sinking, I can't even be bothered to lig.

Then Pete and Malcolm drag me away and dump me in the van just as the YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS start to get interesting. Relieved to be heading for the safety of home, I had a strange feeling of remorse, not for missing the PSYCHEDELIC FURS (which was a shame) and certainly not the 4BE2'S, HAZEL O'CONNOR, SPIZZ or B.G....but the good old squalor. Still there's always next year.

I didn't see the future of Rock'n Roll at Leeds. I saw what it could look like in a nightmare. But there's too much talent and hope around to let that happen. Lets burn John Keenan and start all over again. TOM



tribulism

WE'VE BEEN AND WE'RE STILL
*CRUD AND THERE'S STILL NO
FUTURE

Aye, I remember when I were
lad, if you had short spikey
hair, green hair, wore pyjamas,
leather gear, old jumble sale
suits or just about anything
INDIVIDUAL you were classed as
a dreaded PUNK ROCKER....But
these young people today, I
dout know. I'll give you a
brief 'Daily Mirror' run down
on what's going on today:-

(1) SKINHEAD - Someone with short
hair, braces + boots
who beats shit out
of anyone he sees.

(2) MOD
- A person who wears
a suit, rides a
scooter + fights
with Rockers every
Bank Holiday.

(3) ROCKER
- A person who wears
Leathers, rides a
Triumph + fights
with Mods every bank
Holiday, when he's
not headbanging at
some HM Festival.

(4) PUNK
PATHETIQUE
- Absolutely silly
person who likes the
Captain, Splodge, Test
tube babies, etc, wears
leopard skin trousers
+ that sort of stuff.

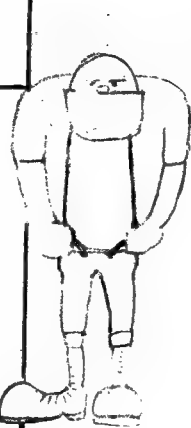
(5) ARTY
PUNK
(Not to be
mistook for
arty wanker)
- Somebody who wears
a grey mac, has a
ridiculously long
side parting and
likes Joy Division,
A Certain Ratio, etc.
The more obscure the
better. Never smiles
or enjoys themselves.

(6) RUDE BOY
GIRL
- Not, as you might
think, anything to
do with (4) + Max
Splodge's bum. But
infact, these people
have D/A's (Usually
poxy ones), they go
around with skins +
like mod music.

(a) The hip arty
wanker, dresses
really stupidly and
likes ridiculous
groups like the Pop
Group, Red Crayola
and the The.
(b) The not so hip
arty wanker or just
plain TOSSER looks
like B.A. Robertson
or one of Squeeze.
Need I say more.

(8) PUNK
ROCKER
- Joe Public sees
this one as some tit
with Pink hair, UK
Subs on his back +
bondage trousers,
who boasts of being
a Punk since Sid
died.

(9) BLITZKID
OR LEFER
(QUOTE -
BOXHEAD)
- A couple of years
ago, these were just
plain posers but now
they have a bit more
credibility. They
are infact a load of
wooftahs who have'nt
got anything to say,
so they just pose.

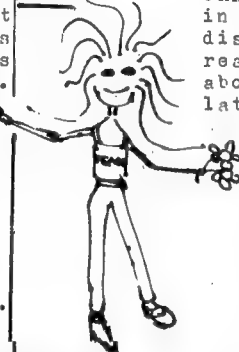


(10) HIP

(11) ANT-
PEOPLE



(12) CRASS-
ANARCHIST
PUNK



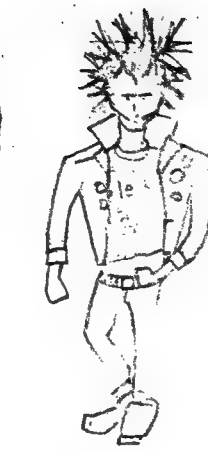
(13) OLD
HIPPY
(JUNKIE)



(14) TED



(15) ROCK-
ABILLY



- ME.

- Obviously followers
of Adam + the Ants.
Very elitest group
often described as
trendies by unhip
UK Subs fans. Usually
wear black gear,
cardigans, Kung Fu
slippers, Ants tee-
shirts + so on. But
they're nice blokes
though. Mainly come
from London but also
B/mouth, Wales, Chester
L/pool, M/Chester, etc.

- In a word- TWATS.
Mindlessly follow
CRASS about, taking
in all the shit they
dish out. Always look
really Punkie and
about 4 years too
late.

- Most of the old Punks
who are pissed off
with all the other
twats mentioned. Most
of the original old
Himpys are either
dead or still wonder-
ing around Salisbury
plain.

- Usually really old
men, probably your
dad, who worshipped
that fat bastard, Pres-
ley no matter what he
did. They're usually
handicapped in some
way as well. They've
got smart gear though.

- Younger version of
the above but even
worse. These are the
ones we used to fight
with. Their revival
started before Punk
with Mark's LET IT
ROCK. By and large
they have their own
music, Whirlwind,
Crazy Cavann, etc, but
still like old R'n'R,
it all sounds the same
to me. **XIII**

(16) RASTA

- A religion that inv-
olves being black,
smoking ganja, liking
Reggae and wanting to
go to Ethiopia.

(17) N.W.O.B.
N.E. BREAK



- Not really a person
at all but some say
they were at one time.
Can be found in Read-
ing and Castle Donning-
ton areas. They usually
have'nt got bikes or
leathers but that does'
nt matter nowadays. So
long as they're deaf,
ugly + have an Iron
Maiden (etc) tee-shirt
+ ancient jeans they're
in.

(18) YOUNG
SOUL
REBEL

- Very intense young
rebel who does his bit
to change society by
dancing in discos +
beating up any one mem-
ber of the other
classes when in a
gang.

(19) SOUL
BOY
DISCO TRENDY



-Derogatory term
used by all other
groups to describe
someone who is not
part of any group,
they just follow the
accepted fashion
modes. Also goes to
Discos and beats up
assorted Punks,
greasers, etc. if poss.

(20) NEW
PSYCHEDELIC
PUNK

-Hip punk who likes
Furs, Bauhaus, etc.
Usually a bit effem-
inate.

(21) PERRY

-Someone who has'nt
even got the guts to
be a skin.

(22) GLAM-
ROCKER

-Biggest laugh of
them all. Dont really
exist at all. Just
a failed hype-
revival that did'nt
take off. Thank God.

And so the list goes on. A lot of
these classes are intermingled,
much to the annoyance of society.
Divide and rule some might say -
bollocks. As Jimmy Pursey must
have said, Why are you all fight-
ing each other instead of fighting
the system? Big Brother is pissing
himself, the kids turning on each
other is just what he wants. Not
only that but all individuality
has virtually been stopped,
except perhaps the blitzkids, but
they're just trying to outpose
each other.

As with school, careers, class-
systems, all the kids are getting
clotted into each particular
category. As with the Skinheads
all it needs is some one with a
bit of charisma (i.e. The NE.) +
these groups become as bad if not
worse than the Hitler Youth move-
ment.

It's a natural human reaction
to follow, be in a gang. Or is it?
At the moment there are too many
sheep and not enough leaders.

In '76/'77 there was no sheen (Well
hardly any) Everyone who was a Punk
then, were being themselves, totally
individual (If that's possible) +
run a great risk for doing it. It
was'nt a movement then, it was just
some people with similar ideas who
got together + achieved more than
the Mods, Skins or fucking soul
rebels will in a thousand years.

SOMETHING TO SAY



tribalism. (cont.)

In those days it wasn't safe to walk up the road. You'd get shunned by old friends, but you were doing something for yourself. It was exciting and fun. Nowadays every little twat's a Mod, Skin or Crass fan. This doesn't mean we've won + all the kids are rebelling. All it means is that these kids are in a gang and Harringtons are in fashion now and not Palmers jeans.

Me, personally, I'm slipping back into the past and the days of SEX, Sniffin' Glue, safety pins, Jubilee, the Roxy + the Pistols. Because I honestly think the latter did kill off R'n'R (or put the final nail in the coffin) The music press + Record companies have created all these gimmicks and revivals to make a quick buck out of the dead horse, so to speak. But to me it's all just a big joke.

I'm not a pessimist, it's just I've finally admitted to myself that whatever happened in '76 has now gone completely up the wall. All the old principles have gone down the bog + all the power + all the money has gone back to those that had it in the first place.....TOM.



to grab property of Sir Whitehouse. This appeared to be the answer and Miss World became closer and closer with Comrade Kremlin, as the servants Mr. Vietnam, Mr. Angola and Mr. Afghan were drawn into Comrade Kremlin's powerful arms.

Sir Whitehouse was naturally angered seeing that his chances of... Miss World were slipping away, and began bickering terribly to Comrade Kremlin to play the game fair. Comrade Kremlin got angered by the infernal Whitehouse man and tried to shut him up by showing him that his biceps were stronger.

Miss World meanwhile was getting bored, and to have a bit of fun she decided to play a little game. She arranged a tournament between her two admirers. This tournament was however only the start of her plans. She gave Comrade Kremlin the home draw, yet while old Kremlin arranged the games, she went off with Sir Whitehouse and his mates to have a little fun, where she dropped in the fact that if they snubbed old Kremlin he would look stupid. Naive old Whitehouse agreed and did what Miss World suggested. Comrade Kremlin grew very angry at his embarrassment and started taking pot-shots at Whitehouse's servants. The sisters

Israel and Egypt were beheaded by big grandfather Arabia just for a start. Tension grew between the two powers from being hurt themselves. Yet Miss World was having the times of her life gobbling up the stew in the cauldron and enticing the powers to relinquish more and more valuable servants. Queen England went early Master Hungary too. In their frantic efforts Yamahoto Japan was swallowed and Brother Cuba went too. In the final holocaust Miss World finally got married as her ghoulish hunger ravaged, Sir Whitehouse and Comrade Kremlin varnished into a couple of huge, ugly, and all powerful, mushroom shaped clouds. She sat a little girl looking out over her domain torn, poisonous and bare it was where her home could be made. Miss World and Mr. Evil became fused into infinity.

program.

In reply to the letter from collapseable Program/Skids fan Carol + Belinda: I found their letter most pretentious and sycophantic. Not having seen this band Program, I wonder what all the fuss is about. This is because I live in distant Portsmouth, but as the letter implies Program are just a local band.

What I disagree with is the collapseable duo apparently knocking your wonderful, creative and constructive fanzine. There's nothing like it in Portsmouth and indeed I would say it is the best I have read. (Note I don't read a lot of fanzines)

As I have already said since I first read Vague, I was immediately struck by this article about the supposedly fantastic Program from Soton/B/mouth/whatever, I eagerly awaited a nearby gig or vinyl output, to check out your obviously influential opinion of the band. (Note the local bands in Pompey are nothing special except perhaps for Dance Attack and Toxicomane. And I can't get off on superstars anymore)

Have I anxiously awaited these new messiahs from New Milton in vain. Or are they eventually going to sort

C.N.D.

A FORBIDDEN MAN HEARING.
(Tr Sabbath fan who is not really so pessimistic, as long as someone listens to him.)

Sir Whitehouse and Comrade Kremlin had conflicting interests over the highly attractive and coveted Miss World. Both tried their hardest to capture her, using their servants often to help symbolize their powers over each other.

Sir Whitehouse was a powerful industrialist who could afford many servants, yet had preference over those which pleased Miss World the most. Thus most of his money was spent keeping Herr Germany and Dr. Israel happy to please Miss World. Comrade Kremlin was a large land owner and gained his massive power due to a few loyal subjects, the most prominent being Brother Cuba and Herr Germany's little brother. These supported him in his bid to impress Miss World by forcing his overrun farmers to show their loyalty to him. However Miss World being unimpressed by Comrade Kremlin's show, sought further justification of his adoration of her, thus Comrade Kremlin tried with all his powers

religion.

DEAR TOM.

While tidying my room the other day I found an old bible and remembered I had not read it for a very long time. I know that you are a very independent thinker and so are most of the people who read VAGUE. The new testament is the best book ever written, if you really want to be independent, read this book: the best version is the new international bible, which is a very good translation as is explained on the back. If you take it seriously it will revolutionize your life. This book contains concepts which can only be grasped by people who god himself affects and leads to an understanding of them (1 corinthians 2:14) and I pray he will lead you to a knowledge of himself. I know you go to a lot of rock concerts, these are places where many strange ideas about. But I'm sure there are christians there, if you watch them you will find that they really are different they are the only people who are living to the end for which they are created, all other people are living at war with god, after having alienated themselves from him by sin, sin by defin is not murder it is living as god condemns

XVII

A: THERE, WAS'NT THAT FUNNY ANDY? FOR SUCH BLASPHEMY YOU SHALL BE CAST INTO ETERNAL JOURNALISM WITH SPUNO....

THE OLD RECTORY,
CHRISTIAN MALFORD,
NR. CHIPPENHAM.
WILT'S

BLA...BLA...BLA...

themselves out and do something. But perhaps they're content to become The next Martian Schoolgirls. At least they have played down here.

Perhaps this Program are just big fish in a small pond. I hope to be proved wrong. I'm writing this to you, Tom, 'cos you seem to be the only person in this area who actually knows what is going on and is doing something about it. Looking forward to the next vague, at least that gets to us.

STEPHANIE, THE UNCOLLAPSEABLE VAGUE FAN.

•panache.

Dear Tom, - Hark!

I honestly believed Panache to be the best fanzine in the country, I really did 'cos the others are so unreliable and boring, but I now humbly grant you that yours is the finest mag I've ever seen. (Mick continues to tell me about his own fabulous Panache. Get hold of his Ants Special. I occasionally write for Record Mirror, live reviews. that is.... I'd love to barge into sounds somehow and show 'em how it's done but Panache comes first so I'm not too bothered if I can't get on a paper proper. I mean there's so many new bands who just don't get coverage in the papers.

(Mick says some more about Vague) I read with dismay that one of the Vague crew actually liked Plain Characters and went on to interview them, 'cos they are a pretty hopeless star riddled bunch of pretentious tossers. On that tour with English Subtitles and the Cravats, the singer proved himself to be a pratty little Wimp.

They got no applause except from their rich looking entourage. I saw three of the gigs (Some tour it was only about 4 gigs) and the crowds which were incredibly small at all of them ignored the P.C's and showed that good taste is not dead.

The English SubTitles are extremely good (?) and the Cravats are brilliant and tres amusant. They turned out to be great blokes and at the first gig at the Nashville we had a chat with the bassist who got us into the gigs free. He told us how the P.C's crept into the gigs in parkas and flares and then changed into smart moderne gear. The Cravats did not develop big heads aka superstar trip. Totally down to earth in fact. They even put up with us for an hour whilst we interviewed 'em in the toilet at the moonlight (See Panache 13).

They came down from Birmingham and lost a lot of money on the gigs. The Subtitles helped out by letting them stay with them for nowt. The P.C's singer was probably still annoyed that one of the Cravats roadies nicked his pathetic fur coat and stuck it under a Tap! The Cravats were just about the nicest bunch of people we've ever met in a band and their music is far more enjoyable than the Plain Characters who strive for perfection in technique far too much... resulting in a poor Sparks imitation (And the original was

bad enough) Cravats rool along with Ants, Ski Patrol, Carpettes etc, etc.) Good luck with Vague. NICK MERCER, PANACHE FANZINE.

•blau reitter.

Dear Tom + Jane,

.....you wanted to know about the scene in Pontypridd. Well it's the same as Cardiff- nondescript. There are a lot of welsh bands around here but nowhere to record cheaply and very few places to play in; We hire community centres and the like to play in. As I said there are a lot of bands around Cardiff, not so many in Pontypridd though, infact only one of note (Besides us that is!) They are CAMPAIGN 1. We support each other when we can because we have found that we complement each other quite well. Talent around here is scarce - the only welsh 'Pop music show' is in WELSH and tends to air only welsh speaking bands. This is a ridiculous state of affairs - Have you ever heard 'OOH Yeah I love my sweet baby' in welsh? It's a disgusting and really narrowminded attitude. The only group to have made it from Wales are the flat YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS with their sparsely painted canvasses of songs, not a true picture of music in Wales at all - most of it is even bleaker- even more remote. It's a fact that no one takes any notice of Welsh bands, they regard us as a pile of sheep shagging taffy's living in tin shacks just outside the pit gates. take note someone! We are about to leave the shacks take off our wellies and dynamite the pits!!

I hope you will do an article on us Tom. It will mean a lot to us and a lot of other bands in the area who might take some encouragement from the fact that one group are trying to get recognised. I hope that doesn't sound arrogant but someone round here has to do and say something, after all in a town where Tom Jones was the last person to make it something strong and new is needed, and wanted badly

A. The real sheep shaggers come from Wiltshire if you don't mind. This rather bleak picture of life in the valleys is an extract from a letter from Bari Goddard (He of Blaue Reitter lyrics fame) I still don't think B/mouth is any better

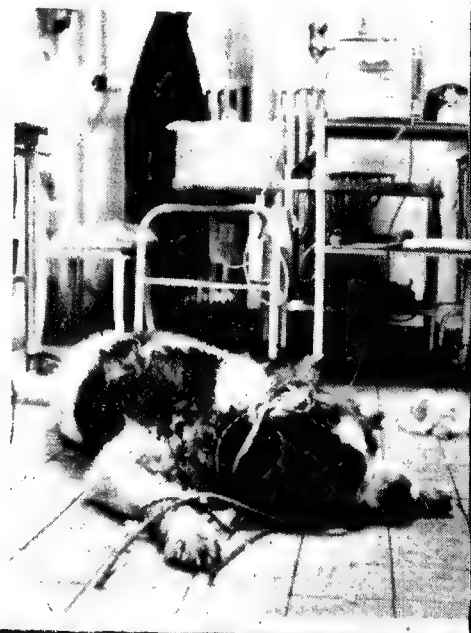
•the Law.

The Law says you can

vote at	18
smoke in public and buy cigarettes at	16
drink alcohol in a pub at	18
drink beer or cider with a meal in a pub at	16
drink soft drinks in a pub at	14
work part-time (but your boss may need a permit) at	13
claim social security at	16
drive	16
a moped at	16
a car or motorbike at	17
a bus or lorry at	21
choose your own doctor at	16
give blood at	18
stand for the local council or Parliament at	21
buy things on Hire Purchase at	18
be tried in a court at	10
but in Scotland at	8
be asked to sit on a jury at	18
leave home at	18
but in Scotland at	16
leave home, if your parents agree, at	16
be sent to prison at	17
be sent to Borstal at	16
be sent to Approved School or Community Home at	12
be sent to Detention Centre at	14

anti-vivisection.

Transplants are all the rage!



•students. •privilege of a few.

IDENTITY (16 years and over)

REVILLOS/ELGIN MARBLES DATE ..4./10./80

STUDENTS' UNION -SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY

Conditions for Union Members signing in Guests

They may only be signed in by full members of the Union.

The Union Member signing-in a guest undertakes to:-

- Personally indemnify the Union against all damage or personal injury caused by the guest on Union premises
- remain with his/her guest during his/her stay on Union premises, and
- ensure that a guest does not purchase any alcoholic drink while on the premises

THIS PAPER MUST BE CARRIED BY THE GUEST AND IS VALID FOR

DATE INDICATED ONLY

XVIII

SKIDS

RICHARD JOHNSON - SKIDS - INTERVIEW
POOLE ART CENTER SEPT 80



J. Hi lads take a seat
V. Cheers, i hear those lunchtime gigs didnt go off too well,?
GOOD OPENER HUE.
J. no not at all, the first one failed but we got one done yesterday at holland park comp which went really well.
V. What reaction did you get?
J. It was really good although it seemed all the kids were into the specials, they enjoyed it so did we, we didnt play a full set just a few singles and things but of course we did the same thing on the last tour but did not get any publicity
V. Would it be wrong to consider you a fashion band?
J. Yes I dress the way I want I do not tell people to copy me, people dress how they like at our gigs a few people dress like us but they are usually six months out of date
V. Well what do you think of bands like Spandau Ballet who are obviously fashion orientated?
J. I think there just another Roxy Music who seem to adopt an elitist attitude purely for blitz kids.
V. But read the other day you wanted to bring the 'GLAM' back into rock?
J. You read that in 'Smash Hit'
V. Oh shit. er well-----;
J. No I just told a really stupid girl reporter that because she really irritated me, it was a joke.
V. Basically you disapprove of the music press?
J. Yeah, their really negative, a hack from Record Mirror wanted to conduct a really heavy interview with us so we just talked amongst ourselves then the cunt went back and wrote a review making out he had us really tied up.
V. What do you think of the fanzine concept?
J. I used to do one three years ago called Kingdom Come but we just used to write how good the skids were.
V. What do you think of the 'drab' intense stuff, the modernists if you like?
J. I do like really like 'industrial' music, the skids can play like that but we only use it for our 'B'sides'. It does not give anything to an audience it just takes it away from them. Futurama was just a festival for the new hippies, on the other hand I love the Banshees, I think their new album is by far the best yet----- of course I'm really friendly with source & steve.
V. What do you think of the 'Ants'?
J. Adams fashion; I am really into the thirties, Dirk Bogarde and all that leather is really great. anyway have a beer.
V. TA.
J. They lay on all this food and drink and I don't drink oh yeh you can put I like wire although they sound like syd barretts
V. You were mentioning the thirties, they're a great interest of yours?
J. I am really interested in the thirties, because they relate to today's situation. (WHAT?) Unemployment impending war. Although I don't think a nuclear war will happen. I'm into the German thirties, as is Adam Ant, especially Berlin and it's social life and politics.
V. There have been rumours of Nazism.
J. No, No and certainly don't go seig heiling it around. I'm just interested in the underlying strength of the period. The cover of 'Days in Europe' has an olympian on it, this represents the presence of strength rather than Nazism.



V. Any other interests?
J. Basically I'm lazy, I like reading, I like Art..... Oh shit.
V. Too late, we've got that written down.
(Struggle issues as Jobbers attempts to destroy all evidence)
J. Have another beer.
V. (Belch) Thanks.
J. Any way we're not that arty, we're more like the Undertones. Feargal Sharkey's stuff is tongue in cheek. We're certainly no more clever.
V. Do you realise it's a seated venue?
J. Is it. Oh shit. I hate that, we're a dance band with a tribal sound and disco rhythms. (Oh God!)
V. There's also a lot of '77 models who will be shouting for 'Albert Tatlock', etc.
J. Oh no, they should realise that we don't do that stuff anymore.
V. Still it's a pretty good sized crowd so I hope it's a good gig.
J. Thanks anyway, nice talking to you.
V. Do wha, I kanny understand yon fanny accent, Jimmy.
(I think that's meant to show that Jobson was difficult to understand at times, as we all well know, from past experience)
THE SHAPTESBURY CONTINGENT- John Sendell, Nigel Collis + Dave 'Crass' Marsh.

VAGUE NEWS

SHOCK HORROR PROBE.

You'll be surprised to hear that the scheduled PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY/PROG gig at Salisbury Teck.fell thru! Another administerial blunder? Perry forgot to book the hall again? No! apparently PUNILUX have split up. So instead the happy folks of Salisbury got R'n'B/disco/Jazz/Funk/Ska band Supercharge.

"POINT OF VIEW" IS IT A SERIOUS CONTENDER TO VAGUE DOMINANCE OF SALISBURY IF NOT THE WORLD!

In a word, no. Because Luke & co are not ambitious little bastards like us. "VIEW" is a conventional fanzine with some new ideas. For a first issue it's bloody well put together. A bit thought has been put into the layout & although there is not a great deal in it, it's all legible & not just crammed in like our fun packed bash.

Articles: Slightly interesting & very biased Gen X. biog. Nice feature on Salisbury bands. Typical stuff on Ramones, Subs, Crass.... snore! but excellent piece on Program by a correspondent with obviously fantastic talent & taste. And an interesting article on Nukes. What with the dig at Vague through? Your's wouldnt be here if it wasnt for us.

SILENT GUEST LATEST

Another set back for the Warminster based band. At the Bauhaus Dave Cole came up to me and announced that Boots had sacked the other 3 members. That left Dave himself, Puddle and Wallace. The 3 of them have reformed keeping the "Silent Guest"

Moniker with Dave taking over vocals. So now it's a 3 piece band that looks like this:
DAVE COLE "COOKIE" - LEAD GUITAR/VOX
WALLACE "WALLY" - BASS

PAUL COLLIER "PUDDLE" - DRUMS
Dave informs me that like Program they are concentrating on working out new material until the new year. There are no plans for gigs at the moment but watch this space.

POSERS TO REFORM

After many rumours going round of come backs and suchlike it is to be announced that the Posers are indeed, coming back. The Posers were not a Bristol band or anything like that. They were infact the Mere based Punk band, as if you did'nt know. Formed in '77 the first line-up was-
Tom Poser-Vocals
Chris Johnson-Bass
Skin- Lead

Rich Howler-Drums
With this line-up no actual gigs were achieved, only the usual propaganda and covers of "Yellow Brick Road", "Somewhere Over The Rainbow", and "Things Are'nt What They Used To Be". After various name changes, to PVC Gutters to B. Steel axe to God's Children. By summer '79 only Tom and Chris remained (that's us incidentally). Chris joined Tom on vocals and with Mark Cross (Photos) on drums and Tig on guitar the infamous A303's were formed. Their only live appearance was at the first Mere Punk Festival supporting the Sterile Androids and Stalag 44. Their chaotic set consisted of covers of "Something Else", "Pretty Vacant", "Anarchy", and an instrumental with no name.

Since then Tom has taken up bass and Chris drums and guitar. Since the autumn of 1980 they have been holed up in Boscombe waiting for the right moment to re-appear and printing some propaganda leaflets. According to Tom, the time is nearly right. 1981 could be their year.

Anybody with any ideas on a totally new nihilist band with no connection to music please contact us.

45 WALPOLE RD.

This is the new address of VAGUE KANSIONS. All correspondence, money, etc. to this address please. Until Xmas Jane will be the Mere correspondent. Perry is now the sole Salisbury Ed. and Iggy has an office in Bath at St. James Theatre, 6 Lower Boro Walls. Tel. 25193.



VAGUE GALLERY: (1) ON WAY TO GOOD BEATING AT ANTS IN NEW-PORT (2) TAZ + JANE (3) TEAM ON MANOEUVRES AT LEEDS '79 (4) TOM + CHRIS POSERS.

TRADING POST

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ABSOLUTELY NO KRAZY KOLOR LEFT.

VAGUE CARTOON!

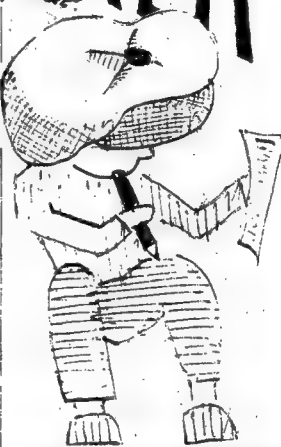


XX

THE WOOL CITY ROCKER

A Northern rock magazine from the home of the band 'Ulterior Motives' & the record label 'Motive Music'.

Getting back to WCR 8. It is a double issue (Getting as bad as us) Very well designed cover with marvel comic hulk character and all. Contents probably wouldn't mean much to us southerners unless you're interested in alternative mags (Like me) This month features on Violation, Rockabilly Rebs, Cuba and the amazing Guy Jackson in the highly individual Wool City style. Then there's the 'Little word machine' - a booklet that Nick publishes regularly. It contains poetry/short stories and so on from him and other writers. I think the best way to describe this is by printing a sample of Nick's work. I'll just suss out some good ones. Hang on abit....Right. here goes;



YOU AND THE POLICE



If they stop you, these are your rights.

IN THE STREET

(Policeman) 'Turn out your pockets, please.'

'Do I have to?'

YES: The police can search you if they think you've got drugs, explosives, weapons or stolen property on you. If they want to search you ask why.

(Policeman) 'Will you come to the station, please?'

'Do I have to?'

NO: If they just want to question you you don't have to go to the station, but if they think you have done something serious they can arrest you.

(Policeman) 'You are under arrest.'

'What do I do now?'

IF they arrest you you must go with them: Ask why. They must tell you the reason. **REMEMBER:** If you want to you can stay silent.

AT THE POLICE STATION

(Policeman) 'Where were you on the 15th?'

'Do I have to answer these questions?'

NO: Not if you don't want to. And if you're under 17 they should not ask you questions unless your parents or another adult (teacher, social worker) is there.

'Under arrest. No-one knows I'm here. What can I do?'

UNDER 17? - Insist on seeing your parents. Get them to phone for a solicitor.
OVER 17? - Ask to see a solicitor. If they say 'No' keep asking. Ask them to phone someone, a friend, a solicitor, your family.

(Policeman) 'Fingerprints and photo, please.'

'Can they do this?'

You can say 'No'. But they can get a Court Order for fingerprints if you're over 14. In Scotland, they can fingerprint you if they want to.

(Policeman) 'We want you to make a statement.'

'Do I have to?'

NO: You can if you want. But it's best to see a solicitor first. **REMEMBER:** You don't have to say anything.

'How long can they keep me here?'

24 hours if it's not a serious crime. If it is a serious crime they can keep you as long as they like, before they take you to court.



THE MAN WHO BUILT THE TITANIC

THE MAN WHO BUILT THE TITANIC NEVER TALKS ABOUT OCEANS AND HAS A MORBID FEAR OF THE COLD. HIS RECURRING DREAM IS PANORAMIC. ESKIMO SAILORS STEER A SHIP OF ICE THRU' SEAS OF SCRAP METAL. EVERY SOUND ECHOES DULL AND HEAVY THRU' FOG AND THE CAPTAIN IS PERPETUALLY DRUNK. THE DREAMER PEERS OVER THE SIDE OF THE SHIP. THE SEA RED IS A MILE BELOW AND HE CAN TAKE OUT FRONDS OF METAL WEED CURLING UP TOWARDS HIM. THE PEOPLE WHO ARE GOING TO JUMP WHEN THE PANIC STARTS WILL SIMPLY DROP LIKE STONES. THERE'S



NO WATER TO CATCH THEM HERE. AS THE BAND STOPS PLAYING, HE CAN FEEL THE GREAT HULL OF ICE START TO SHUDDER AND HEARS THE DRAWN OUT GROAN AS IT CRACKS APART. ASLEEP, HE KEELS OVER IN RED, GRINDING HIS TEETH HARD - A SOUND THAT FILLS HIS HEAD LIKE ICE SHEARING ON METAL. THE MAN WHO BUILT THE TITANIC LIVES NEAR THE EQUATOR AND SELDOM TAKES A BATH. HIS HOUSE SMELLS OF HIM, EXCEPT THE KITCHEN. HERE WITHOUT A FRIDGE, FOOD ROTS QUICKLY IN THE HEAT. AND THE STENCH ATTRACTS CULLS. THEY WHEEL AND SCREECH IN THE AIR ABOVE HIS HOUSE. AND WHEN HE THROWS OUT THE GARBAGE, THEY DIVE ONTO THE DECK AND FIGHT LIKE PEOPLE IN A PANIC.

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THE VAGUE A-Z OF Fanzines (part 3)

Scot'zines by

Johnny Weller.



OK - onto Scots fanzines - a lot of the info will need to be from memory, since when I moved to Edinburgh just over a year ago, I stored a lot of old records, mags etc through at my parents house, but I'll have a quick rummage in a tic to see what's here in the penthouse on the third floor. 2-3-4....

LIVE & KICKING - from Stirling by a young kid called Kenny - not to be confused with A&K from Glasgow - this is the Spizz of fanzines, changing its name every issue ... also "Golly Gosh" and "90% Proof" (I think). scrappy in a youthful beano-type way. not for the serious.

ANOTHER FUNDLESS RACKET c/o Ali, 49 Maxwellton Road, E. Kilbride, Glasgow G74 3JH a goodie + no mistake. Only did 3 (or 4) issues, but concentrated on mainly local bands and didn't submit to the usual biz hype + sycophancy. Dared to sing the members (whom I like) when they were hip and also turned me onto the Stilletes, a great pop combo who still aren't famous. Definitely one of the better (written/designed) fanzines.

BICYCLE PUMP c/o David + Niz, 15 Merrick Way, Grangemouth, Stirlingshire FK3 0BT latest issue no 10, concentrates on small local bands - no major acts or records covered at all - the guy + me don't see eye to eye always (he accused APF of 'selling out' + various other crimes). Interesting though hardly essential. unless you want to know about every small local outfit (which I DO!).

DISEASE c/o Tommy Cherry, 3 Talisman Road, Foxbar, Paisley. Previously called A Stragant Pool Of Disease. Great Graphics + layouts, good articles, but for some reason, didn't quite get attention it deserved. (copy enclosed).

FUNES not sure of the address (the one I have is an old one) - the first issue (a year ago) looked interesting, but they're much more established now. Rated highly by most; they issue "cassette only" band compilations. More details when I see the new issue (carrying an old interview with MEI)

GRANITE CITY c/o Inky Books, 224 Union Street, Aberdeen. Folded about six mths ago, though the lovely MORG has plans for photo-journalism. A cross between a very provincial 'Time Out/City Lynx' and normal fanzine - excellent lay-out, very Aberdeen-based, very conventional but one of the best. Did 8 issues.

HANGING AROUND long since defunct, founders now spread all over (Gordon is bassist for Desmontes, John at uni, Sandra got married + respectable, Ronnie Gurr has just left Record Mirror) - gave me my first inspiration + chance. Edinburgh's best until they got big-headed + irrelevant.

INTERIOR CONTEX one issue only, no contact address (though I seem to remember getting a letter from them) - caught my attention for having the wonderful taste and sense of originality to include a Renc Macgillite painting, but other than that the usual scrappy collage-style Sid Vicious, Clash stuff. He-hum.

INSIDE OUT c/o Derek Herdman, 6 Muirhouse Bank, Edinburgh. (copy enclosed) I do a few bits + pieces for them - see what you think of my Ants + Bauhaus reviews. Only comprehensive Edinburgh fanzine still on the go, but the kids who do it are too sycophantic (through their naïveté) and superficial. Despite their drawbacks - due to youth, I'm sure - a good zine.

IN THE PINK c/o Billy McChord, 53 Haig Avenue, Stirling. One issue only by ex-manager of Fakes, tho' I came out of it badly cos of leaving Valtres + starting to manage APF at the time. Irreverent + interesting.

IT TICKED AND EXPLODED c/o Clive Hollywood, "Greystones", Linwood Rd, Paisley. TMD helped (with Disease and the local RAR) span a vast army of punk bands in Paisley, creating a great scene and a couple of records - did well to concentrate on local talent (once gave 7 pages to band who hadn't even done a gig) and make it all seem worthwhile + exciting. Did 8 issues.

JUNGLELAND c/o Mike Scott, 16 Cadzow Place, London Road, Edinburgh. A source of inspiration for me in the early days - Mike + I met through the fanzines + a love of John Lennon! Very strong on Veivers, Patti Smith, Dylan, Clash and Richard Hell. Recommended.

LIMITEDITION c/o 49 East Park Road, Ayr. Not much happens in Ayr (that's where Mike + John come from) and it shows.

THE NEXT BIG THING c/o Lindsay Hutton, 10 Dochart Path, Grangemouth, Stirlingshire A big fucking disgusting hamburger rock monolithic outpouring of shit - young Lindsay couldn't spot a promising local band unless they featured influences from old rock stars. I hate all his 'rave' bands (Dictators, Blue Oyster Cult) and hate his style of writing - all tho', cur, split, rockin' etc. He now writes for New Music News (ha ha ha) and sucks up to various biz poeple.

NME (Next Monday's Exciting!) c/o Iain Emerson but can't find his address. Great little zine, though I suspect you might find it a "pseudu"; very neat, irreverent, intelligent, pertinent and interesting. Only did 2 issues.

PLAIN SAILING c/o Graham Scott, 23 Dalkeith Avenue, Glasgow G64 2HN. A biased (yet worthy) attempt by Glasgow band the Exile (later Pyelton) to do an R'n'B-based new wave fanzine, thus Clash, Fichole + UK sube nestled alongside Tyla Gung, Peelgoods, Rolling Stones and Jiralezi! Too scrappy + with Exile slant too obvious. A pity. Did 7 or 8 issues in '78 + '79.

PUBLISH + BE DAMNED c/o 2 Richmond Place, Edinburgh. the mouthpiece of NNM (No Nukes Music) in Edinburgh, but doesn't just concentrate on Nuclear stuff. A good idea, and once they find their feet + own style should be interesting.

THE RAG c/o Regular Music, Castlecliff, Edinburgh. (copy enclosed). Not a proper fanzine, more a propaganda advertisement for local promoters Regular (who are ok guys) and there's nothing particularly wrong with that, it's just that it could be a whole lot better if they'd keep their adverts separate from the contents, giving contributors a free hand, instead of always blowing their own trumpets about how great they (and their gigs) are. Still not bad for free and they do help the local scene sometimes.

READY STEADY GO c/o Iain Emerson, "Beaufort" 7b, Torbex Village, Stirling. The influence of the Fakes again - they almost GRANTED the Stirling scene (although, modestly, it wasn't until I wrote about them, that it all seemed to get off the ground). Covered local scene fairly.

ROCK & ROLL c/o Mark Hagen 5-6 The Biggins, Keir, Dunblane, Stirlingshire. Only one issue + again perhaps a little arty (influence of the uni in Stirling) but thought-provoking. Mark is/was singer with Vertical Smiles, who were/are (I dunno now!) a great band though totally unknown.

SANITY IS BORING c/o John Wilkie, 6 Turnberry Road, Glasgow G11 5AR. (copy enclosed) again, more scrappy stuff - why don't these guys take more time + trouble ... it really annoys me! Also pissed off cos in issue 1, a band called MAX were interviewed about their single + gave me absolutely no credit for helping to produce it. Fuck 'em.

SHALL WEIDER c/o Jed Jason, 48 Princes Street, California, Falkirk FK1 2BX. Sincere attempt amid the cultural wasteland of Stirlingshire - the fact that so many fanzines (maybe 4) are from around there is due in part to the energy + enthusiasm the Fakes created. Featured mainly local bands + did a good job to stimulate local scene with gigs, fanzine, record etc. I don't recall any of them.

STAND AND DELIVER c/o Dee, 74 Thane Road, Glasgow G13 3BN. Now defunct, but she (ie Dee) intends to start another one soon. Was a good mag, covering a wide range in sympathetic style - good mag.

TEENAGE DREAM c/o K. MacLeod, 31 Doon Way, Kirkintilloch, Glasgow G66 2BA. First issue 3/4 months ago, hardly any local stuff - ok, but do we REALLY need more reviews of the Clash?

UNLIMITED EDITION (not to be confused with LIMITEDITION!!) c/o Jim Park, 1 Plewlands Place, Sobhh Queensferry (that's South), nr. Edinburgh.

worth-while but not earth-shattering... so many fanzines aren't easy to criticise, since they take so few risks. I don't wanna sound too pissed off but since I've now spent all Saturday afternoon reading old fanzines, it just makes me wonder if it's worth it. We need a spark of originality rather than safe adequacy - gimme danger! UE itself is no better or worse than many of the others + had a couple of good points, but so many zines are totally lacking in outrage or original thought + hard work. I love all fanzines, but some really just give us a bad name!

VAULTAGE '79 c/o Peter Gibson, 23 Blackburn Drive, Ayr KA7 2XW. Despite there being not much in Ayr, Peter is trying to encourage a scene. Neat wee zine, though hardly innovative - a mite too sycophantic, but aren't we all? I think it's now called "Permanent Slag" having also been "Chain Of Dots" - oh, write to him yourself and find out - why should I do all of your work?

WRONG IMAGE c/o Fritz, 73 East Claremont Street, Edinburgh EH7 4HU. At one time, "Kingdom Come" is main rival, though I never really rated it! Very good coverage of Edinburgh bands, yet lacking in original style or content. Good gossip (even if they make up most of it). Always entertaining.

Others I remember but don't have copies of here include "Nobodys Scared" from Glenrothes, Fife; "Chicken Shit" an Edinburgh/Glasgow amalgam that attempted to be oh-so outrageous/obscene (Marquis De Sade diaries!) but was alternately funny and pathetic; "The Beat Goes On" (a Rezillos/Revillos zine) and "2000AD" both by Bob Jefferson from Edinburgh; "Arseing About" (copy enclosed) occasional mini-zine free with Wrong Image, Fritz's pun on "hanging around" - caused, I suspect, by jealousy; there must be more, though I suppose that's over 20 in all. Oh, nearly forgot one of the best...

"THE TEN COMMANDMENTS c/o 953(basement) Sauchiehall St., Glasgow G3 7TQ. Bristling with style + commitment - not afraid to go totally out on a limb + praise/criticise unlikely targets. Excellent layouts reminiscent of better London zines. Actually, I've only just discovered it (heard many good reports) + have only half-read the two issues I have. Good stuff though. Definite attempt to be both professional + innovative. (A pity they like the awful Altered Images!!).

Ach, it's gone 6pm and I'm fucked. Hope this is good enough, hassle me for more details if you wanna, I don't mind.

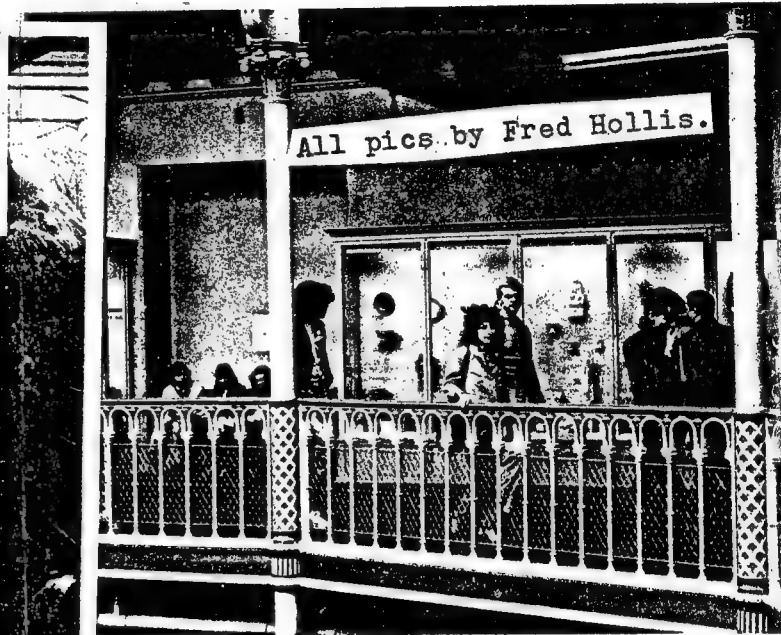
Sorry I've not written about the views on music press, but I suspect we would still disagree + anyway, that will be a 5-page letter in itself!

Cheers,

Johnny

XXIII

Arseing About #4 presents...
The Flowers



cultural corner

-----WHISPERED SANCTUARY-----

BUILDLED
OF MOONLIGHT
THE PLACE SEEMED
LIKE A SHRINE OF AFTERNOON.
A PEARL,
EMBEDDED IN THE DEEPENING BLUE SHADOWS
ON A SAPPHIRE SETTING.

AND I LAY THERE.....
PRIZING TREASURED KISSES
FROM HIS EBONY HEART.

SILENCE REIGNED FOREVER
THE ADVANCES I MADE
NEITHER ACCEPTED NOR REJECTED
RETURNED TO ME ON WINGS OF TREASON
WHISPERING--"THIS PLACE FEELS NOTHING FOR YOU"

AND I LAY THERE...
ABSORBING THE WHISPERS,
BEGINING TO BELIEVE.

PERHAPS WOUNDED VANITY
PIQUED THIS SPINNING HEAD,
FOR, ENRAGED BY THE VOICE OF RUMOUR,
I LEFT THIS FLAWLESS GROTTO
TO OCCUPY A LESS DAZZLING NICHE.

NOW I'M NEVER HAPPY.
I'M ALWAYS, ALWAYS ALONE,
NO MARAGE TO ENTER.....

THE OPAQUE PEARL
HAS CLOUDED RUSSIAN
AND IS LOST TO ME....FOREVER.....

September 80 .
© B. Goddard.

-----BLADES OF SUNSET-----

SO AFRAID, I WAS SO IN AWE,
SKY AND CACTI MERGE OUT OF FOCUS.
BLADES OF A SUNSET, LONG, THIN AND SILVER
SLASHED AT MY REMAINING SIGHT.
FIGHTING THE MEMORIES,
SNATCHING AT WEAKER HOPES,
TRYING TO GET OUT OF THE SUN.....
TRYING TO GET OUT OF THE SUN.....

DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE THERE;
NOT ALONE,
NOT OUT IN THE SUN,
NOT ALONE.....

STRIPPED TO THE WAIST
RUNNING ACROSS YELLOW BRICK WALLS.
A SUN-BAKED ADOBE, HIGH IN THE CLIFFS,
SHADE AND THE TRACE OF A DEAD RACE.
CLUNG TO THE WALLS.
PULL ME IN.
PULL ME IN THROGH THE DOOR
OUT OF THE SUN.....
OUT OF THE SUN.....
CHORUS

MY SKIN GLOWS REDDER NOW
THE SWEET OF MY OWN SWEAT SOOTHES ME.
DISTURBING DUST AND ASH IN A CENTURY OLD,
AVOIDING THE LAST BLADES OF A DYING GOD.
I BELIEVE I AM SAFE NOW.
BUT FROM WHAT?
THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW
OUT THERE IN THE SUN.....

September 80 © B. Goddard.

-----THE BLUE CANE-----

I GRABBED THE BLUE CANE
FROM ITS EBONY STAND
THE DEEP GREEN CARPET
I LAYED IT THERE
IT BEGAN TO RISE
AND FLY AROUND
FROM CORNER TO CORNER
BEAMS OF COLOURED LIGHT
FROZEN EVERY SHADOW
IN ITS PATH
NEARER IT BURNED ME
MY NERVES SO ALIVE
THE ULTIMATE PAIN
ENTERING MY BODY
COOLING MY BODY
THE BLUE CANE AND I AS ONE
MY EYES SHOT RAYS OF LAZOR
MY SMILE WAS DAZZLY CLEAN
MY FINGERS GREW TALONS
IN PLACE OF NAILS
MY VOICE NO LONGER HUMAN
SCREAMED IN ITS EMPTY PLACE
MY LUNGS STOPPED DEAD
NO LIFE ABSORBED MY SKIN
LIMBS OF TWO NOW FUSED
AS MY HANDS CLAWED MY FACE
I BECAME THE BLUE CANE
IN THE EBONY CASE

© SARAH. 1980.
ANYONE INTERESTED IN USING HER
POEMS AS LYRICS WRITE TO VAGUE.

-----VAGRANT-----

HE STOOD
OUTSIDE THE DOOR
HIS COAT
WAS LONG & PALE
HE SPOKE
SO CLEAR & LOUD
HIS FACE
WAS MARKED & THIN

HE WALKED
TOWARDS THE LIGHT
HIS STEPS
WERE SLOW & QUIET.
HE LAUGHED
AS IF TO MOCK
HIS EYES
WERE FULL & BLUE

HIS HANDS
WERE COLD & NUMB
HE BLINKED
THOSE TEARS AWAY
HIS MIND
WAS WITHOUT CARE
HIS MOUTH
NO WORDS TO SAY

-----TELEPHONE-----

THE TELEPHONE RANG
THAT DISTANT THROBING BELL
DEMANDING MY ATTENTION
SUCH COLD PERPETUAL HELL
IT VIBRATES WITHIN MY BRAIN
SUCH BLANDNESS IN ITS CALL
SCREAMING FOR MY REACTION
BUT I GAVE NONE AT ALL

SOUTH SPECIFIC

It's been a while since I've got my fingers on an album in the post the other day. I hurriedly ripped open the rappings to find this Portsmouth compilation album within. I read the letter enclosed which tells me all about SOUTH SPECIFIC - the title incidentally. Then for the nasty bit, he wants me to pay for it, saying that ladies are very poor. However it's for a good cause so I send him a couple quid along with a load of fanzines. There's only one thing poorer than ladies and that's a fanzine especially Vague.

It's got a good 'arty' cover with a bit of sand paper stuck on it. Original anyway. As with a lot of compilation albums it's surprisingly well produced. Before this I knew absolutely zero about the Pompey scene. Never venturing further east than Soton a long the coast. All I thought there was in Portsmouth was sailors and bad footballers. I am to be proved wrong.

First off is the ATTIC, probably the fastest band on the album. They verge on Crass like at times even down to young girl backing vocals. Although their second track is more futurist. Rather basic but adventurous if that makes sense.

As for RENALDO + THE LOAF, I can hint a bit of contrived weirdness here. They have 3 tracks however. All of these are very different but have a rather weak sound. Perhaps they just haven't come over well on vinyl, I don't know.

Next is the almost ballad like TOXICOMANE sounding a bit like Nico. Whereas final side 1 band, the Nice boys have Buzzcock like lyrics + vocals but post-punk rhythm. They're about the strongest band so far and the best on side 1.

However with the start of side 2 this is all changed with DANCE ATTACK. The first track is 'Dance Attack', a short intro number with a Banshee-sque sound. Next they do 'Teenage heartaches' which has got to be a piss-take. It doesn't sound like them at all and in fact it sounds more like the Jam. The only distinguishing feature is the female backing vox and garageland guitar riff.

My favourite track on the album is DANCE ATTACK's 'Keep moving'. The whole album is good stuff but this is the only world beater. Fantastic intro, again influenced by the Banshees. Great dual vox, which only the Revillos have got anything like. The vocals seem strangely separated from the rest of the sound. If this is intentional it's very

The Chimes don't seem to be that competent and a bit boring. Basic Punk thrash stuff. But I mustn't be too dismissive like all the bands they have a fresh original feel.

ANNA BLUM is in fact spoken poems over a synth backdrop. Again very effective and the vocalist has a strong voice. Final band the FRAMES are not so bad either. The girl singer has a Sioux like vocal style and they again come across very well.

Good job that's it, 'cos I'm running out of things to say. I can recommend it anyway so send £3.75 to BRAIN BOOSTER MUSIC, 13 Dover Rd, Portsmouth, Hants. They've also done a load of excellent singles. And you might be able to see them for yourselves at forthcoming Vague gigs.

ANOTHER PRETTY FACE

Before I review this tape APF sent me, I'm just give you a run down on what's been happening to our north of the border pals. Firstly the bad news; Johnny Waller (see Scottziner) isn't managing them anymore and their drummer Chic is leaving to join the Scars (boo! hiss!) At time of going to press APF were having problems finding a recording contract, aren't we all. Mike Scott told

me 'We are not left field enough for Rough Trade, etc. and too uncommercial for the rest. By now they should have finished their mini-tour but should be coming down south soon. When they do it will probably be a Vague gig and there will be a proper interview, etc.

Back to the record news 'Teenage' will not now be the single. Mike considers it sub-standard but I like it. It will now probably be 'Only heroes live forever'. And their oldest song 'The Witnesses' will be released in flexi-disc and given away free Mike's 'Jungle-land' fanzine and possibly 'VAGUE'.

Mike summed up by saying "Lucky bunch, aren't we? Our manager and drummer leave, but we'll keep kicking (and not in death throes either!!)" Finally leaves a few words from me, on the tape. As I said 'Teenage' is not that bad. Again it's like a ballad. I think APF are like the Clash would have been if they had not gone american. 'Circus' is like this and 'Heroes' starts off with a real garage riff but develops into by far the best track. I think APF are more radical than even they could imagine. I hate comparing but this sort of thing is what the Clash should be doing. It's dance music but the songs are new age ballads.

STOP PRESS - CATCH 22 HAVE SPLIT BUT RELEASED A CASSETTE (SEE SOUNDS) + STRATEJACKET SOUND LIKE THE SKIDS 2.00PS. ITS THE BOOP CASSETTE LP, COLUMBO HILL, LARKINCLID, SUSSEX. SEND A C-60 WHY? I DON'T KNOW.

THE DOGMA CATS

article by
Pete Lawrence
& Ed Harbud

THE DOGMA CATS and ERSATZ, two Cambridge bands, born out of a mutual trust and concern for each other, and their fellow musical contemporaries, have joined wallets and formed their own record company - LEISURE SOUNDS.

Both bands have recently released singles: The DOGMA CATS - Experts bw Choke. ERSATZ - Smile in Shadow bw House of Cards. All were recorded at the home of independent releases - SPACEWARD, and processed by the dynamic duo of Mr. Kemp and Mr. Lucas using their spacematic system, pathway to fame and fortune (dynamically)!!

Although jointly owned, the bands are eager to point out that releases will not be confined to their own material, and homeless bands are invited to forward their demos to LEISURE SOUNDS for an unbiased, critical interpretation from none expense account ears. And so dear readers it is up to you.

Releases will not be confined to vinyl. Both THE DOGMA CATS and ERSATZ have released their own cassettes and are eager to continue with this type of offering. While THE DOGMA CATS are new to vinyl ERSATZ are not. They've already had a taste of the hassles which confront so many new and naive bands. Their experience should therefore be invaluable.

Just for the record:

THE DOGMA CATS are: Steve Penn - vocals and guitar, Richard Kenzie - vocals and guitar, Richard Sell - bass and Ed Harbud - drums and vocals.

ERSATZ are: Adrian Tierney-Jones - vocals and guitar, John Harris - guitar and vocals, Hugh Ashton - bass and keyboards and Harvey Bassett - drums and vocals.

Both singles should be available from independent outlets (if not why not?)

The address of LEISURE SOUNDS is 63 Glisson Road, Cambridge CB1 2HF
Tel. 0223 - 314784
Message ends.....

David Bowie

OFTEN COPIED

NEVER EQUALLED

I suppose I'm one of your typical Bowie fans. Before the Pistols came along it was always Bowie for me, I didn't rate Roxy, Bolan, Sweet, Glitter or any of his contemporaries. (And that's all they were) The thing about Bowie was he was always 2 or 3 steps in front of every body else. But come '76 he wasn't. All the kids had at last moved on from Ziggy and left David behind. With 'Heroes' he still stayed high in my estimation because he didn't try to compete. But still carried on with his own changes regardless. David was losing touch though. He had had his time. The brave sons of the New Wave had took over from the many places he had left off. Then came for me the final (not quite) nail in the coffin with the 'Lodger'. I liked it but every other Bowie album had been a classic to me. This was just a good album which was not good enough for this white duke. Then came various stories of acting careers and no more live appearances. Nobody really cared, I just remembered Bowie for what he was. But in 1980 he comes back with vengeance with the best single

Then it's 'Ashes to Ashes' and the whole thing starts to feel like an epitaph. A dying artists last tracks before he drowns. Final track on side 1 'Fashion' is a funky little 'Fame' like number. Side 2 - the riff to 'Teenage wildlife' is just like a sax version of 'Heroes' but more desolate. Then it moves on into an emotional lament, very Velvetish or were the Velvets Bowieish? Next is my fave track on 'Monsters', '-Scream like a baby'- a menacingly moving number that grasps out for you clutching on, maybe. Then Bowie throws in a Micky Finn with Tom Verlaine's 'Kingdom come' and completely transforms the old Television number. Will this make Damned hero Verlaine hip again or just make Bowie hipper. 'Kingdom' ends in an atmospheric climax that is not diminished by next track 'Because you're young' Theme for the Blitz? Fuck off lepers. and is David feeling his age. Is he looking back sadly. As Angus MacKinnon noted Bowie is a very lonely person. I think this shows on this LP

of the year 'Ashes to Ashes' and now he's followed it up with probably the best album of the year 'Scarey Monsters'. He's won me over again and I might even fulfill my ambition to interview the guy next spring. David's crying out for sympathy, drawing off his past experience in desperation. The riff of 'Heroes' appears to be running through the whole album. First track 'It's no game' is typical of this but it also has interesting Frippotronics from the said gentleman and cheery Japanese vocals from Michi Hirota creating an altogether early feeling.

UP THE HILL BACKWARDS-Soulful ditty seems to be coming from the Young Americans period. The title track 'Scary Monsters' is 'Low' influenced would you believe.

Then finally it's back to 'It's no game' (Mk.2) perhaps it isn't - I always thought it was, didn't you? 'Game' builds up to a grande finale, I wonder if it will be.

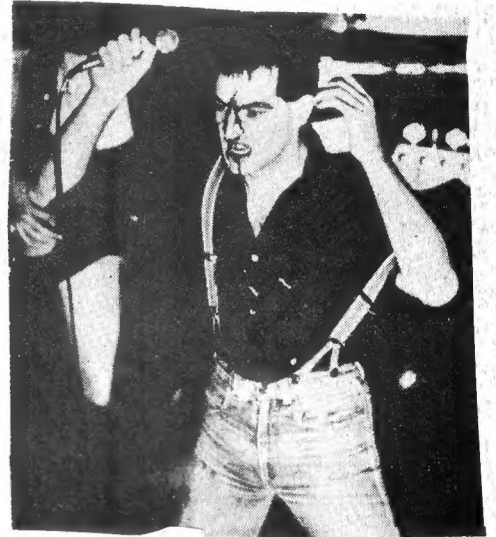
Again great production from Tony Visconti. 'Often copied never equalled' Old images are scattered/shattered all over the place. Bowie never finishes what he begins but just leaves clues. How much longer can he go on. He is a phenomenon, the only one who can get away with it, perhaps it's because I'm just a Bowie fan, always will be. Footnote; Then he goes and releases 'Fashion' the most commercial and worst track on 'Monsters' Perhaps he is just a festering old tory- remnant of a bygone age. But wont they just love it down Billys.



Scarey Monsters

and super

XXVM



GOODBYE 1980
HAPPY CHRISTMAS
+ ALL THE BEST
FOR '81 FROM ALL
HERE AT VAGUE
TO ALL OF YOU
OUT THERE

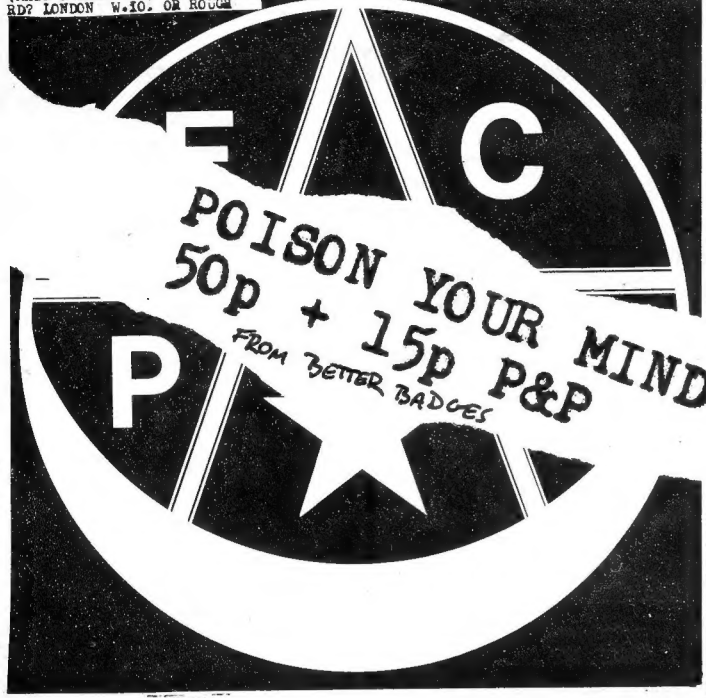


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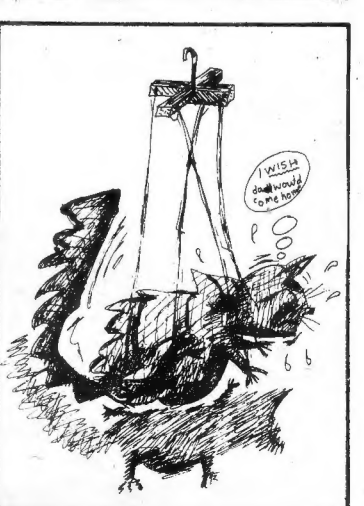
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